THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE BITER BIT.—A COLLEGE STORY.

College boys, time out of mind, have been noted and notorious for their thievish propensities. Not that they are ever guilty of highway robberies, burglaries, or grand larcenies—not they indeed. They are distinguished for feats of a different character—for robbing of orchards, for despoiling of hen-roosts and stealing of poultry—these are practices to which they are sadly addicted. Feats of this kind are dignified with the name of *hooking*, and every freshman at college signalizes himself in one or all of their different varieties.

At first, the young colleger tries his hand at smaller game. At commons, he pockets a slice of bread and a lump of butter, wherewith to regale himself at his studies. Then, if he escape detection, he pillages, perhaps, the fragments of a pudding or the carcass of a chicken. Emboldened by success, he next makes a descent into the college larder and carries off a ham or a hamper. In this manner he goes on, step by step, until he becomes ambitious of extending his sphere of action, and he gathers fresh laurels in some neighboring corn-field or potato-patch.

He is now become a thorough adept in the science of hooking, and in the various arts and devices made use of to escape pursuit and to elude detection. He ventures farther and farther from the college grounds, and enters deeper and deeper into his depredations. Nothing daunts his courage or deters his spirit of enterprise. Orchards, beset with man-traps, have no terrors for him—hen-roosts, guarded by mastiffs, are not secure from his attacks—even the old farmer himself, that lies in wait for his coming, affrights him not—some way or other he accomplishes his object, and if haply he is arrested in the act, then let him alone for some well-told story or well-devised plan, for effecting his retreat. He will give a fictitious name, with his own promise, a broken bank-bill or an old watch, as pledge for his appearance on the morrow—but on the morrow, the real Simon Pure is no where to be found, and the honest old farmer may pocket the watch, the note or the promise, just as it happens, for his loss and trouble.

It is considered a great feat of skill thus to escape detection and to retain possession of the plunder. There is one species of hooking, however, that requires superior talent in its execution, and which none but a veteran in the art can execute with success. This consists in dispossessing the original plunderer of his spoil, in such a manner as to leave him in the belief it is done by some officer of the college. By this means, the risk and labor of the first capture is avoided, at the same time that the performer of the feat—who is usually a sophomore—enjoys the double joke of having out witted a freshman.

I remember a feat of this latter description, that was near being attended with serious consequences. Among the students at our college, was a Green-mountain boy, whose roughness of exterior was equalled only by his roughness of manners and apparent simplicity of character. To a close observer, however, under his rough garb, might be discovered in Jonas Jenks more shrewdness of intellect than he usually had credit for. Jonas had, one night, been out on a hooking expedition, and as it was one of his first attempts, it is not to be wondered at that the old stratagem of the college tutor was played off with success. Just as he was entering the college yard, laden with a bag of apples, he was met by Tom Wiley—a Soph—dressed up in the robes of a college officer and was addressed by him in a voice and language well adapted to resemble those of the personage he represented. Jonas, not suspecting the trick, and horribly frightened, dropped the bag and escaped, leaving the counterfeit tutor to enjoy the fruit of his labor.

The affair got wind, and for a few days, Jonas ran the gauntlet of his laughing class-mates. Each had his joke at the expense of our poor freshman, but finding it was borne with perfect good humor, they ceased their witticisms, and ere long the whole matter was forgotten. But it was not so with Jonas. He had discovered the author of his disgrace, and was resolved to be even with him. It was not long before an opportunity occurred for putting his scheme into execution. Having learnt, one night, that Tom was engaged as usual in some predatory excursion, he awaited his return and saw him deposit in his room a barrel of apples. The next morning, when the bell called to prayers, instead of attending its summons, Jonas repaired to the room of his opponent, and having got possession of the apples immediately transferred them to his own premises, and there secreted them. When Tom returns from prayers, Jonas meets him as if by accident, and thus addresses him:

"Well, Sir Sophomore, I guess you have got into some scrape now."

"What may that be?" said Tom, with a knowing look from under his eye-brows, "I have seen no tutor abroad in the night lately—have you?"

"No: but I saw the old President out on the scent this morning."

"The deuce you did—but what was he up to?"

"Why he was up to your room when I saw him."

"At my room! the Praeses at my room! Are you sure the old land-shark has been prowling about my premises?" inquired Tom, evidently a good deal agitated.

"Ayé, that I am!" replied Jonas, in his most simple manner, "and not only so, but sure as a gun he had his black man with him—when I saw him."

"What! the black-faced Janitor? what's to pay now?"

"Why, he didn't say any thing was to pay, but when the President comes out of your room, you see Sambo comes out too—"

"Well, and what of that; did they have any thing with them?"

"No, nothing but an old barrel when I saw them come out—old Sambo rolls it down stairs and carries it off on the wheel-barrow, and that's all I see of him when I saw him come out."

"Confound the apples!" muttered Tom, "here's a pretty scrape I have got myself into."

So saying, he departed to his domicil, where, if he was not already convinced of the loss of his booty, their absence was at least reduced to a mathematical demonstration, and the cause of it, after the conversation with the simple freshman, was equally no longer a problem difficult to be solved. But what was now to be done, was indeed a new and startling question. Never before had Tom Wiley been caught in a scrape from which his own ready invention did not suggest the means of escape, and his own nerve carry him through in safety. But now he had run upon a snag in the stream of events, which all his sagacity had not foreseen, and which, if foreseen, his skill might not have avoided. He knew there was no hope of extricating himself by the old methods of deception. The President, he was aware, too, was as long-headed as himself and was bound by his office to take cognizance of the offence—for that he was in full possession of the facts of the case, Tom could not for a moment doubt. Like a prudent general, therefore, he concluded that a safe retreat was preferable to a total defeat, and that to make a virtue of a necessity argued neither want of courage nor of wisdom.

With these views, he immediately repaired to the house of the President, and was ushered by Sambo, grinning and smiling, into the sanctum sanctorum of his office. The President was writing at his desk, and, profoundly buried in the subject and documents before him, did not notice the entrance of his visiter. For some time, Tom stood trembling and meditating his speech, and anxiously waiting for the time when he should be delivered of it. Still, however, the old gentleman continued writing, till at length the patience of Tom was exhausted, and he broke forth:

"I have come, sir," said he, "to make all necessary satisfaction—"

"Who speaks?" ejaculated the president, elevating his eyes, but without observing his visiter.

"It is I, sir—Thomas Wiley—member of the Sophomore class."

"Thomas Wiley—Sophomore—and what is your errand so early this morning? I sent not for you."

"I know you did not—but after what has occurred sir, I thought it my duty to call upon you in person."

"Well—perhaps, it is your duty," said the officer, who saw pretty plainly that something had occurred but what he was determined to learn from the narrator himself—"you said something had happened?"

"Yes, sir,—yes sir—" interrupted Tom, "I freely confess that I took the apples, but I ask your indulgence, not to make my punishment too severe."

"Go on" said the president sternly—"I will hear you out."

"It was all a frolick, sir,—a mere freak of amusement—I assure you, sir. I had no intention of doing the old farmer an injury, and if I have done so, I pledge my word and honor to make him all the reparations in my power."

The president listened to the speaker in silent and concealed astonishment, until he was made fully acquainted with the particulars of the occurrence, excepting only those in which Tom supposed the president himself had any agency and which, for that reason, he did not deem necessary to recapitulate. Then it was that Tom, for the first time, saw his mistake and the joke that had been practised upon him.

"What you have this morning related," said the President in a dignified manner, "gives me not less surprise than regret—I am surprised because till this morning and from your own lips, I had never heard of the circumstances you have spoken of—I regret their occurrence, because, though I have thus unwittingly been made acquainted with them, it will be incumbent upon me to lay them before the faculty. The reasons which prompted this voluntary confession I shall not inquire into—if your own conscience has spurred you on to it, it is one good sign at least of your repentance and I shall accordingly make it a part of the record of your case."

The president bowed politely and Tom retired. His first thoughts were to expose the trick which had been practised upon him and to make its author a partner in his punishment. But Tom, though cut to the quick, and sorely mortified at his own stupidity, had too much pride to let it be known that he had been outwitted by a freshman—and that freshman, Jonas Jenks. He remembered, too, the trick which he had himself played upon Jonas, and perceived that what had now occurred was intended merely as a retaliation—a severe one it might be, but still one so well conceived and executed, that by exposing its author, he would only bring double disgrace upon himself. Tom remained silent, therefore, and awaited his sentence, which, in a few days, was passed upon him to the following effect: that he should return the apples to their true owner—pay him double the price at which he valued them, and not be absent from his room after dark for the rest of the term.

Tom was well satisfied with the sentence, but as the apples were gone to a different market, he settled the matter with the farmer by an additional compensation in money. Tom, in fact, never broached the particulars of the affair to Jonas, but a tacit understanding existed between them during the rest of their college life, and neither attempted any further tricks upon the other.

D.

THE LEPER.

"It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer to his lip,
Crying 'Unclean! Unclean!' and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name.
'Helon!'—the voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
'Helon! arise!' and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back, nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,
A kingly condescension graced his lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance, the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart was moved, and stooping down
He took a little water in his hand
And laid it on his brow, and said, 'Be clean!'
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped him."

Willis.

Remains of Napoleon.—The most interesting topic of debate in the Chamber of Deputies during the week, has been one on the motion of young Las Cases, the son of the well known biographer of Napoleon, to refer to the President of the Council a petition for transportating the remains of the Emperor (under favour of England) from St. Helena to Paris. It had been recommended by the Committee on the petition, that the Chamber should pass to the order of the day, on the ground that honours sufficient had already been paid to the memory of Napoleon both by the nation and by the King. Las Cases read a speech in support of his motion, composed by his father, who was sick, and could not attend. The only other speaker of name that warmly supported it was Gen. Lamarque. The speeches against the motion contained some salutary truths. One member asked for what national benefits they ought to honour the memory of Napoleon? "Was it for having dispersed the national representative at the point of the bayonet—stifled the liberty of the press—transferred the decision of causes from juries to commissions—carried war into all quarters of the world—planted Kings every where—and lost his throne by an excess of despotism? Gen. Bertrand said he did not think there was any danger to be apprehended from the application being granted; but he admitted the Ministers were the best judges. This remark made a great impression on the Chamber; and the motion was rejected by acclamation.

According to the London Sun, the sensation produced in Paris by the news of the *capture of Warsaw* is most intense. It has already given rise to tumults, and will, it is apprehended, give rise to many more. The Ministry too have been defeated, on a point which the Minister of War seems to have considered of great moment, and this defeat occurring at a crisis of peculiar excitement cannot fail materially to endanger their stability. But the Polish question absorbs all others in the French capital. It is felt as a national calamity, and in some degree a disgrace, and so indeed it is; for had not the heroic Poles thrown themselves in the way, the army of Nicholas would long ere this have reached the banks of the Rhine. The Poles therefore may be considered as having, to a certain extent, sacrificed themselves for the French.

Mackerel Fishery.—The Newburyport Herald mentions the very great abundance of Mackerel in their bay during three days on a recent occasion:—"A solid shoal, of miles in extent, lay outside of our harbour, withing 12 miles, and gave incessant occupation and fine sport to a large fleet of mackerel men. The number of craft engaged was supposed to be about 300. One vessel took in a single day, 70 bbls."

The Board of Trustees of *Transylvania University* have appointed Dr. Charles Caldwell to the Professorship of Medical Jurisprudence in the Law Department. Dr C. and Judge Mayes were to commence their lectures in this Department on the 1st inst.

It is estimated that five thousand dwelling houses and stores have been erected in *Philadelphia* within the last two years.

At the last session of the Court of Oyer and Terminer at Buffalo, Dibsiel Holt, indicted for the *murder* of his wife, pleaded guilty. He will be executed on the 18th Nov. This is the second such plea within a few weeks.

Bowdoin College.—Professor Cleaveland now officiates as President. Fifty or sixty students have entered since the last Commencement.

The members of the *Legion of Honour*, appointed during the Hundred Days, are to be restored to their honours; but they will not receive any arrears of pension.

It is announced in the U. S. Gazette that *Professor Pattison*, late of the London University, is expected to arrive in Philadelphia, by the December packet, to take charge of the chair of *Anatomy* in the *Jefferson Medical College* of that city.

Governor Hamilton, of S.C., has appointed the second Thursday of November as a day of *Fasting*, Humiliation, and Prayer.

Thursday, the 1st of December, is appointed for the day of annual *Thanksgiving* in Massachusetts.

In addition to the *plague* which had prevailed for some time at *Constantinople*, the *cholera* was very destructive. Since the beginning of August, between 2000 and 3000 persons had been attacked by this disorder, which, however, seemed to be less malignant than in other places.

MISCELLANY.

AMBITION.

By Willis.

* * What is Ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat!
Angels of light walk not so dazzlingly
The sapphire walls of Heaven. The unsearch'd mine
Hath not such gems. Earth's constellated thrones
Have not such pomp of purple and of gold.
It hath no features. In its face is set
A mirror, and the gazer sees his own.
It looks a god, but is like *himself!*
It hath a mien of empery, and smiles
Majestically sweet—but how like *him!*
It follows not with Fortune. It is seen
Rarely or never in the rich man's hall.
It seeks the chamber of the gifted boy,
And lifts his humble window, and comes in.
The narrow walls expand, and spread away
Into a kingly palace, and the roof
Lifts to the sky, and unseen fingers work
The ceilings with rich blazonry, and write
His name in burning letters over all.
And ever as he shuts his wilder'd eyes,
The phantom comes and lays upon his lids
A spell that murders sleep, and in his ear
Whispers a deathless word, and on his brain
Breathes a fierce thirst no water will allay.
He is its slave henceforth! His days are spent
In chaining down his heart, and watching where
To rise by human weaknesses. His nights
Bring him no rest in all their blessed hours.
His kindred are forgotten or estranged.
Unhealthful fires burn constant in his eye.
His lip grows restless, and its smile is curl'd
Half into scorn—till the bright, fiery boy,
That was a daily blessing but to see,
His spirit was so bird-like and so pure,
Is frozen, in the very flush of youth,
Into a cold, care-fretted, heartless man!

And what is its reward? At best, a name!
Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear;
Gold—when the senses it should please are dead;
Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray;
Fame—when the heart it should have thrill'd is numb;
All things but *love*—when love is all we want,
And close behind comes Death, and ere we know
That even these unavailing gifts are ours,
He sends us, stripp'd and naked, to the grave!

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SOUTHEY AND THE UNEDUCATED POETS.

Several months since we offered to our readers some extracts from the latest publication of the Laureate—being a compilation from the writings of the uneducated poets of Great Britain, with sketches of their biography, and reflections on the general subject. A writer in the New Monthly has made this the foundation of an entertaining and satirical *jeu d'esprit*—part of which we subjoin. Further extracts may be given at another time.

"A great man ought to think before he speaks.—Society is so tenderly constructed, and the human mind is composed of such nice and delicate materials, that a single word, uttered with proper emphasis, will sometimes produce as much effect as the report of a pistol among mountain snows. Strange things have happened in a world that grows stranger every day: a nod has not unfrequently overturned a nation; a wink has been sufficient to eclipse a whole country; and a whisper has 'seemed to shake the spheres.'—We can entertain no doubt of the truth of all this—for we are at this instant living witnesses of its verity. We are writing under the weight of an avalanche, brought down upon us by the breath of no less a person than the Poet Laureate. Dr. Southey knows very well (no one better) the extent of his influence; but in this instance he could not have calculated on the 'probable tendency' of what he was inditing. Some of his epics passed over the heads of the world as unlike thunderbolts as possible; but here is a single stroke of his pen, in a prose paragraph, that produces a convulsion. His light is not a safety lamp: a spark or two has fallen; a train has been fired; and this, our Magazine, has experienced the consequences in an explosion which we shall immediately proceed to explain.

Thus, then, it is. Dr. Southey, in his editorial observations on Mr. J. Jones's 'Attempts in Verse,' has thought fit to record his determination—unalterable, he tells us, as the laws of Mede and Persian—to take no more youthful poets under his patronising wing. He paints, in the vivid colours of truth and eloquence, a startling and affecting picture of the horrors of a Poet Laureateship. He lays bare, with an ingenuousness which, amidst our commiseration, we cannot too earnestly commend, all the sorrows of his sinecure. He has convinced us, sceptics as we were, that his laurel-wreath is fixed to his temples with unnumbered thorns; and that his sack, like that of Falstaff, has a dash of 'lime in it' utterly destructive of its deliciousness. Ever since the days of Kirk White, it has been his fate to be beset with a troop of lyrical Lilliputians, clinging to the great Gulliver of genius, and pinning his spirit to the earth—a swarm of small and scarcely perceptible poets, hovering night and day about him, and fastening him down with chords, which, like those of his own lyre, were perfectly irresistible. The good nature of Dr. Southey, in placing a protecting hand upon the scattered Remains of Kirke White, first plunged him into this perplexity; and his laureate-laurel has been, it appears, for some years past, gradually weighing him down deeper and deeper into it. His wreath was a sort of land-mark for the rising generation of poets. He has stood, Laertes like, mountains of manuscript piling upon his head. Every post brought its plague, in the shape of 'Proposals for Publishing,' &c. Every correspondent (and the Laureate has thousands) was, as a matter of course, very intimately acquainted with an untaught genius: and it no doubt very often happened, that this poetical prodigy ('linked sweetness' being generally 'long drawn out,') was blessed with half-a-dozen brothers and sisters, almost as marvellously gifted as himself. It was said of Pope, that he never 'took tea without a stratagem;' Dr. Southey, we may safely predict, never dined out, but in the very centre of a conspiracy. Epic traps were set to catch him: alexandrines, 'needless' enough, were laid about to ensnare him; odes were fired at him, like air-guns; detonating balls, in the likeness of sonnets, were sent to him in letters: and anagrams and acrostics fell unceasingly upon his table with the rapidity of hail. A fiftieth part of these persecutions, to say nothing of the necessity of organizing an Anti-Autograph and Album-Abolition Society, of which, we believe, the Laureate is to be the President, would be sufficient to deter any rational poet (if that be not a contradiction in terms) from accepting the Premiership of Poetry for the future: so that Mr. Hume's soul has a chance of being delighted by a saving to the country of, at least, one hundred a year, in addition to the annual thousand which literature has lately lost.

But the Laureate, as we intimated, has released himself from the fetters which his fame had forged for him: he has risen, like a giant, and shaken them off at once and for ever.

'Nonsense has done its worst: nor song nor satire,
Poem dramatic, foolish essay, nothing
Can touch him further.'

He is no longer the Editor of the Uneducated; he has surrendered the Directorship of the College of Dunces; he has come to the resolution of being 'All worthy' to no more 'Joneses,' whether Johns or Toms. The little foundlings of genius must now be laid at other people's doors. The epigrams that came to bask in the light of the great Epic—the small octo-syllables that grew strong by feeding on the grand Hexameter, must now look out for themselves, and seek immortality as they may. The Laureate plainly tells them that they shall get none in *his* company. And here begins our grievance—the 'out upon it!' comes in here.

Our editorial box, for the reception of contributions, is, as the auctioneer said the other day of a certain relic of the royal wardrobe, 'of capacious dimensions.'—We have long been accustomed, upon every inspection, to find it full; but, for the last three months, we have observed an overflow, for which the march of magazine-writing affords no precedent. An inundation of correspondence, a positive Nile of nonsense, has been pouring in upon us with a remorselessness only equalled by its rapidity. Like the Nile, to which we have justly likened it, we could not, at first, find out the source of the vast and inconveniently increasing current. We have, at length, traced it to this announcement of the Laureate! His imps have transferred their fangs to us; they have fixed their talons (or, as they call them, talents) too deep for mere human efforts to evade them. Hour after hour they increase. Polite replies have become impossibilities; for, inasmuch as their 'communications' are evil, our 'good manners' are corrupted. Letters multiply with a more than forty-mushroom power, and the very post-office is beginning to complain. The clerks seem to think that the 14th of February will never be over. Our table 'groans' (a note to which we, with great sincerity, make responsive echoes) under the burthen of its abuses. They spring from all classes and conditions of persons, 'taking all shapes, and bearing many names.' As various are the quarters of the town whence they are dispatched; for genius is not nice in its habitation, and flourishes in alleys, whatever it may do in Courts. But the one grand point which they are unanimously agreed is, that each of the twice ten thousand, individually is gifted with the most miraculous powers that ever dawned on the dazzled understanding of man. There is no obscurity in terms in their mode of expressing their sentiments upon this head: they seem respectively impressed with a most exalted love of candour, and an equally insurmountable detestation of diffidence. Merit, according to these, the most gifted of all the children of literature, ought not to creep about under the mask of modesty, but 'show to the sun its wav'd coat, dropp'd with gold.' Our only fear is, in contemplating this extraordinary amount of capacity, that nature has exhausted herself in producing it; and that poets will be as rare in the next generation, as purchasers are in this. At all events, it behoves the inhabitants of the various parishes and places that gave birth to our correspondents, to look well to their wits; for, as Shakspeare monopolized all the intellect of Stratford, and the rest of the natives have been fools up to this moment, it appears to us more than probable that there may be, even now, a vast number of districts left in the dry depths of ignorance, by reason of the rich streams of enlightenment that are perpetually flowing to us through every channel of epistolary communication.

After this appropriate flourish of trumpets, we proceed to introduce a few of our 'Tom Thumbs,'—'their first appearance upon any stage.' We must relieve the reader, however, from all apprehension of *Infant* prodigies: they have become, by many degrees, too numerous. Every family in the three kingdoms contains *one*, at least, some being blessed with four or five. We therefore pass over their productions without a single note of admiration—even over the 'Essay on the Human Character,' which the writer assures us was written *before he could speak!* To be sure, it turns out, in the postscript, that he is *dumb*, which detracts a little from our astonishment.

John Smith. Misery has made many poets, and the untaught genius for whom the reader's sympathy is now solicited, has been exposed to no common degree of affliction, arising from the singular power of multiplication which his name seems to possess. Nothing can be more trying to a sensitive mind than to see one's self figuring in the newspapers as the hero of a police-report—a fate that regularly happens to the subject of this memoir, morning and evening. Mr. S. intimates, that the authors of the 'Wealth of Nations,' and of the 'Rejected Addresses,' sprang from a branch of his family: but that he himself, tho' in an humble station of life, is descended in a direct line from Cain—a fact which, as he modestly says, 'rests upon the authority of a *brother*-poet, Cowper,' who, in describing the invention of fire-arms, observes,

'And the first *smith* was the first murderer's son.'

His genealogy operating upon his genius, he was induced to write a poem upon the fate of his unfortunate ancestor; and it is not a little remarkable, that his apostrophe to *Cain*, should have terminated in his carrying one—he being immediately engaged as footman in the service of Lady Album in Portland Place. Here he soon became remarked, not only for the purity of his morals and the unsullied whiteness of his stockings, but for some 'wild and singularly original' lines to a lap-dog, patronised by Lady A., who was struck with their pathos and beauty, and procured their insertion in the Morning Post. The editor of that paper, however, unfriendly to the growth of mind even among the footmen of the aristocracy, insisted upon placing the word 'Advertisement' at the head of the poem. Not at all discouraged by this illiberal insinuation, he determined on awakening his lyre to still loftier tones; and a short time afterwards, attending his lady to the exhibition of the *Whale*, he succeeded, while the door was ajar, in obtaining a glimpse of the great skeleton, and the result was—

A LIVERY LAY.

Addressed to the Whale at Charing Cross.

'Guy of the Sea, old Ocean's son,
With thee, description fails;
Thou art—to use a novel pun—
The very Prince of Whales!

Noah! this skeleton alone
Had sunk the ark: I fain
Would have thy portrait, (done by *Bone*)
O, Magog of the Main!

I may not, with untutor'd hand,
Describe how it might be,
That thou—as Bishops do on land—
Didst move from *see* to *sea*.

Yet more like Popish Priest's, alas!
Thy flesh of Indian-rubber;
For as they blubber o'er their mass,
Thou wert a mass of blubber.

A thousand years were on thy brow,
When Death began his feast;
A 'guard of honour' thou hast now—
'Ten cent'ries' at the least.

A thousand years! old Cent. per Cent.
Why, thou wert living when
Brave Harold's bow was fiercely bent
Against the Norman men.

Thy course commenced with William One,
And ends with William Four;
A whale—ere yet thy sands were run,
A lion—when no more.

Some work should give a print of thee;
The Editor, perplex'd,
Concluding thus—'This *tail* to be
Continued in our next!'

Lord Lyreton, M.P. The title of this noble votary of the Muses, at once introduces him to the reader as a person of a very different grade from that of the last candidate for immortality. The superficial may affect surprise at our placing a lord among the *uneducated* poets; but the more acute observer, who knows that education is vulgar, suited only to the wants of the humbler classes, and utterly inconsistent with the refinement of aristocratic taste, will appreciate our arrangement. But Lord L. must speak for himself:—

'Lord Lyreton presents his compliments, and begs to offer, *gratuitously*, a few poems for insertion in the N. M. M. They were written quite at his leisure, principally in the House of Commons during the Economy speeches, or while the Estimates were being passed. Lord L. begs to say, that poetry is a thing quite foreign to his usual pursuits; but being informed that one or two persons of his 'order' have become very popular (in private circles) as translators, and that others have innocently amused themselves in the Annual for the Aristocracy, he has attempted something more *original*, in the hope of redeeming the literary character of the nobility, and of showing that genius is not exclusively confined to such low-born persons as Shakspeare and Burns.'

We differ with the opinion insinuated in the closing paragraph of our noble poet's epistle. Some of his ideas are not *quite* new. Here is a stanza:—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,
Like angels' visits, (few and far between)
Deck the long vista of departed years.'

Surely we have seen some strange imitations of these lines somewhere. Again:—

'For panting Time toils after him in vain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.'

We do not expect genius to be always original, nor do we condemn so ancient a practice among poets as that of borrowing; but this sort of stanza must at least be regarded as one of those 'strange coincidences' of which modern literature is so prolific of examples.

But to make amends for this, we quote some lines on one of the most pathetic subjects ever touched by the golden quill of poetry. We pity the man who can read even the title without tears:—

EPITAPH ON A ROTTEN BOROUGH.

'Darling of a ducal race,
Sire of pensions, source of place—
Snug retreat for younger sons;
Sure asylum, safe from duns;
Hast thou left me thus to moan,
When I thought thee all my own?

O'er this branch from Freedom's oak
Wynn shall whine, and Croker croak;
Pelham (Faction's 'burning Cresset,')
Twiss, in twisted phrase, shall bless it.
Many cheeks shall gain a furrow
By thy fall, disfranchised borough!

Farewell, represented steeple,
Which we loved to call 'the people;'
Farewell, my constituents,
Tenants (ten) that paid me rents!
Here my borough lies—as we did,
When we said that it was needed!'

The Bard of Hops. This prodigy of humble life, a native of the land of Burns and whiskey, is certainly not the least of the great Untaught. Hearing when a child that every second man in Scotland was considered the first genius in the world, he began to 'lisp in numbers;' but finding afterward that it was the practice in that country to make all great poets excisemen, as a mark of national gratitude, his sympathies became excited in favour of another kind of *spirit* than that which ought to inspire a disciple of the divine art, and led him to adopt a species of *pipe* which cannot be correctly denominated pastoral. A taste for these indulgences led him to the metropolis, where some time ago he wrote his great work called the 'Pleasures of Hops,' with a few additional lines 'To the Poles,' to make it complete. We cannot consider him to be a servile imitator of Campbell—whose harp he 'delighteth to honour.' Hear how he celebrates the plant to which he is so devotedly attached:—

'But grant that Beauty and the courtly throng
Thrive and look gay on hyson and souchong;
What fills the panting peasant's humbler veins,
His frame refreshes, and his strength sustains,
Cheers him at morn, at noon renews his fires,
At eve enlivens, and at night inspires?—
Immortal Hops! to you the peasant owes
Exalted rapture, exquisite repose;
With you, contented on the rack he writhes,
And laughs alike at taxes and at tithes;
Nor cares what crown is lost, whose pension stops,
But rests his hope, heart, happiness, on Hops!'

The 'Lines to the Poles,' commencing—

'Ten thousand Poles are pointing to the sun,
Though Captain Parry sought in vain for *one*,'

will be inserted in the ten-thousandth edition. Our poet is the Parry of his art, and returns from his Polar expedition with similar triumphs—discovering in fact that there is nothing new to be discovered upon the subject. He is moreover the author of various unfinished memoirs of eminent persons who happen to be utterly unknown; and is at present, we hear, engaged upon two important works,—the 'Lives of the most celebrated Hackney-Coachmen,' from the time of Phaeton; and the 'Fugitive Poetry of the Metropolitan Street Minstrels.' In the compilation of this last he has had the valuable assistance of the great MrPitt, (Seven Dials.)"

NEW VOLCANIC ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

[Copy of a letter from C. H. Swinburne, Esq., Commander of H. B. M. Sloop Rapid, to Vice Admiral Hotham.

"SIR—I have the honour to inform you that on the 18th of July, 1831, at 4 P. M., the town of Marsala bearing, by compass, E. half N. 8 miles, I observed from on board his Majesty's sloop Rapid, under my command, a high irregular column of very white smoke or steam, bearing S. by E. I steered for it, and continued to do so till 8, 15, P. M., when having gone about 30 miles by the reckoning, I saw flashes of brilliant light mingled with the smoke which was still distinctly visible by the light of the moon.

In a few minutes the whole column became black and larger; almost immediately afterwards several successive eruptions of lurid fire rose up amidst the smoke; they subsided, and the column then became gradually white again. As we seemed to near it fast, I shortened sail and hove to till daylight, that I might ascertain its exact position. During the night the changes from white to black with flashes, and the eruption of fire, continued at irregular intervals, varying from half an hour to an hour. At daylight, I again steered towards it, and about 5 A. M. when the smoke had for a moment cleared away at the base, I saw a small hillock, of a dark colour a few feet above the sea. This was soon hidden again, and was only visible through the smoke, and the intervals between the more violent eruptions.

The volcano was in a constant state of activity, and appeared to be discharging dust and stones, with vast volumes of steam. At 7, 30, the rushing noise of the eruptions was heard. At nine, being distant from it about two miles, and the water being much discoloured with dark objects at the surface in various places I hove to and went in a boat to sound round and examine. I rowed towards, it, keeping in the weather side and sounding, but got no bottom till within twenty yards of the western side, where I had eighteen fathoms soft bottom, this was the only sounding obtained, except from the brig, one mile true north from the centre of the island, where the depth was one hundred and thirty fathoms soft dark brown mud.

The crater (for it was now evident that such was its form) seemed to be composed of fine cinders and mud of a dark brown colour; within it was to be seen in the intervals between the eruptions a mixture of muddy water, steam, and cinders, dashing up and down, and occasionally running into the sea over the edge of the crater, which I found on rowing round to be broken down to the level of the sea on the W. S. W. side for the space of 10 or 12 yards. Here I obtained a better view of the interior, which appeared to be filled with muddy water violently agitated, from which showers of hot stones or cinders were constantly shooting up a few yards and falling into it again, but the great quantities of steam that constantly rose from it prevented my seeing the whole crater.

A considerable stream of muddy water flowed outwards through the opening, and, mingled with that of the sea, caused the discolouration that had been observed before. I could not approach near enough to observe its temperature, but that of the sea, within ten or twelve yards of it, was only one degree higher than the average, and to leeward of the island, in the direction of the current (which ran to the eastward) no difference could be perceived even when the water was most discoloured; however as a 'mirage' played above near its source, it was probably hot there. The dark objects on the surface of the sea proved to be patches of small floating cinders. The island or crater appeared to be 70 or 80 yards in its external diameter, and the lip as thin as could be, consistent with its height, which might be 20 feet above the sea in the highest, and six feet in the lowest part, leaving the rest for the diameter of the area within. These details could only be observed in the intervals between the great eruptions, some of which I witnessed from the boat. No words can describe their sublime grandeur: their progress was generally as follows:—After the volcano had emitted for some time its usual quantities of white steam, suddenly the whole aperture was filled with an enormous mass of hot cinders and dust rushing upwards to the height of some hundred feet with a loud roaring noise, then falling into the sea on all sides, with a still louder noise, arising in part, perhaps, from the formation of prodigious quantities of steam which instantly took place. This steam was at first of a brown colour, having embodied a great deal of dust; as it rose it gradually recovered its pure white colour, depositing the dust in the shape of a shower of muddy rain. While this was being accomplished renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were quickly succeeding each other, while forked lightning, accompanied by rattling thunder, darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirlwinds. The latter were most frequent on the lee side, where they often made imperfent water spouts of curious shapes. On one occasion some of the steam reached the boat; it smelt a little of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty sparkling dark brown powder when dry. None of the stones or cinders thrown out appeared more than half a foot in diameter, and most of them much smaller.

From the time when the volcano was first seen till after I left it, the barometer did not fall or rise, the sympiesometer underwent frequent but not important changes, and the temperature of the sea did not bespeak any unusual influence. After sun-set on the 18th, sounding were tried for every hour, to the average depth of 80 fathoms—no bottom. The wind was N. W., the weather serene. It is worthy of remark, that on the 28th of June last, at 9. 30, P. M., when passing near the same spot in company with the Britannia, several shocks of an earthquake were felt in both ships.

Malta, Aug. 4.—Our reports respecting the volcano are very unsatisfactory; there can be little doubt, however, that the island continues to increase in size. A boat with 5 or 6 officers returned yesterday afternoon and they assert that the island is at least 5 miles in circumference, and from 2 to 300 feet high. They landed upon it, and for ostentation sake, I suppose, hoisted the Union flag. The other stories as to the increasing dimensions of the place, are too vague to speak of.

We learn from the coast of Sicily that the town of Sciacco has been entirely abandoned by its inhabitants, the repeated shocks and trembling of the earth, leading to a belief that it will sink into the sea.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

From the Waterford Chronicle.

A tract seller stops at a house, at the door of which sits a young girl, who gets up and runs into an inner room, and calls out—Mother! Mother! here's the Bible man?

Mother—What Bible man?

Girl—Arrah! don't you know? Doyle, the tract seller.

Mother—What the d—l does he want here?

Girl—Faith, I don't know—nothing good, you may be sure.

Mother—(comes out.) Well, Mr. Doyle, what do you want?

Doyle—Mrs. Neill, I'm come to know the number of your family.

Mrs. Neill—Ah! then, Mr. Doyle, what do you want to know the number of my family for?—I suppose you are going to put down our names for the New Reformation.

Doyle—Oh! no, not at all—it's something about Reform.

Mrs. Neill—Well, and bad luck to you, is it not the same thing? The devil's in it; and you have the impudence to come and ask Judy Neill to join your reform, or your reformation, or whatever the d—l you call it. Don't you know that none of my breed, seed, or generation were ever any thing but real Romans, and good *ould* Irish besides!

Doyle—I assure you, Mrs. Neill, this has nothing to do with religion.

Mrs. Neill—You need not tell me that; for if it was, you would not be *consarned* in it.

Doyle—Mrs. Neill, you know we are all Christian brethren, and—

Mrs. Neill—Why, bad luck to you; is it going to preach to me you are? Is it thinking to *convert* me you are in my own house? Well, by this and that you beat Banagher. Out of my house, you canting hypocrite, or I'll—

Little Girl—Mother, sprinkle him with holy water—you know the devil always runs away from it.

Mrs. Neill—Troth, I won't, but I'll sprinkle him with my fist, and it won't be the first time I've fought for my religion: so here's at you, my boy.

Doyle—(a little alarmed.) Mrs. Neill! I'll leave the house quietly; (to himself) I must guess at the number of people in that house—I saw two in it, so I'll put down three, in order to make no mistake.

[A collector of Vestry Cess enter the house.]

Collector—Good morning, Mr. Doolin.

Doolin—Good morrow to you, kindly.

C.—Mr. Doolin, I'm come to take the census.

D.—Come to take our *senses!* why, then God help us, it's little senses that's left the poor Irish; for, between hunger and hardship, they are half mad, and no one knows that better than yourself—do you remember the day you took my only blanket from under my little boy for the vestry cess!

C.—I'm not come to take any thing now, Mr Doolin.

D.—The d—l thank you for that, for you took every thing we had before.

C.—Well, well, Mr. Doolin, there is no use in talking about that—tell me the number of your family.

D.—Why, then, do you think I'd give you the satisfaction to tell you!—no, not if I was dying and the priest bid me do it.

C.—If you don't, I must only ask some of the neighbors.

D.—Why, then, the d—l a man in Waterford will tell you.

C.—It is no great matter, I'll put it down at guess—[*exit.*]

[A Protestant process server raps at the door; the proprietor of which opens it, and again shuts it with violence, when he sees who is the person wanting to enter.]

Process server—Dick Maddigan, open the door.

Dick Maddigan—Why, then, bad luck to me if I do. I suppose you want to *sarve* me with a process?

Process server—Arrah, nonsense, mun: I only want to know the number of your family.

Dick Maddigan—Then, by my *sowl*, you'll be no longer so, for the devil a bit if I'll tell you.

Process server—What the devil shall I do?—(a neighbour approaches)—Toby Delahunty, will you tell me what family Dick Maddigan has?

Toby Delahunty—By my *sowl* I don't exactly know, but sure it's easy to calculate. Jenny Maddigan is married now seven years last Patrick's day, and of course she had a *gorsoon* or little girl every nine or ten months; but, supposing you even allow a year between each of them, that makes seven children, so that you may safely put down seven at the lowest calculation.

Process server—Faith, Toby, I'm obliged to you. That's seven, and the father and mother make nine. That will do—(writes it down and walks off. Delahunty calls after the Process server.)

Delahunty—Hollo! by gor, I was near forgetting—now I recollect—think I heard somebody saying it was twins Jenny Maddigan had the last time.

Process server—Well thought of, Toby—that makes eight children instead of seven?

Delahunty—In truth it does, nine if you plase.

Process server—How do you make that out?

Delahunty—Arrah! didn't I tell you already the woman was confined seven times, and that the last time she had twins—and does not the seven children and the two twins make nine? Tho' I'm no scholar, I can tell that much, at any rate.

Process server—By gor, Toby, you're right. Well, Toby, it's a great pity you're not a Protestant—by gor if you were, the Recorder and Magistrates would certainly have appointed you to take the census; you are just the sort of man for them. I'm to put down nine children you say?

Delahunty—To be sure you are.

Process server—Nine children and the father and mother, that makes eleven. Well, I believe I'm right now, at any rate. They can't be saying I have not the full number. Good morning, Toby.—[*exit.*]"

JAMES MITCHELL,

The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Boy.

James Mitchell was born in Scotland on the 11th of November, 1795, deaf and blind. Whether either his deafness or blindness were perfect is a matter of some uncertainty. The evidences of the sensation of sound were in a high degree vague and unsatisfactory; though he gave more convincing proofs of partial vision. He could always distinguish day from night. In his youth, he used to amuse himself in regarding the sun through the crevices of the door, and in kindling the fire. At the age of twelve years, the tympanum of his ears was perforated; the one by Sir Astley Cooper, the other by Mr. Saunders, but without any benefit. In his 14th year, Mr. Wardrope performed the operation for cataract on the right eye, after which he recognized more easily the presence of exterior objects, but he never made use of his sight to acquaint himself with the quality of bodies. Before and after this epoch, red, white, and yellow particularly attracted his attention. The senses of relation with him were always those of smell and feeling. Latterly he recurred less frequently to smell than formerly. His desire to become acquainted with exterior objects was always very great. He examined every thing that he encountered. All his actions indicated reflection. One day the shoemaker brought him a pair of shoes which were too small for him; his mother put them into a neighbouring closet, and locked the door; a few minutes afterwards Mitchell demanded the key of his mother, by pointing towards the closet, and indicating with his hand the action of unlocking the door. His mother gratified him; he opened it, took down the shoes, brought and placed them at the feet of a young boy who used to accompany him in his excursions, and whom they just suited. In his infancy he smelt of every one he approached. Their odour determined his affection or aversion, in the same manner as persons endowed with sight are attracted or repulsed by beauty or ugliness; he always recognized his own clothes by their odour, and constantly refused to wear those belonging to another. Bodily exercises, such as rolling down a small hill, turning topsyturvy, floating wood, or other objects on the river that passed his father's house, gathering round and smooth stones, laying them in a circle and placing himself in the middle, or building houses with pieces of turf, in which he left apertures, probably to imitate windows, were always to him a source of amusement. After the operation upon his right eye, he could better distinguish objects; he became more hardy in his excursions, and went alone the distance of 12 Scottish miles, from Navin to Fort George. He passed the greater part of his time in the field and upon the road, but returned regularly for his meals; his countenance was very expressive, and generally his natural language was not that of an idiot, but of an intelligent being. When he was hungry, he carried his hand to his mouth, and then pointed to the cupboard where the provisions were kept; when he wished to lie down, he reclined his head on one side upon his hand, as if he wished to lay it upon the pillow. To indicate particular mechanical employments he would imitate the gestures peculiar to each—thus a shoemaker was distinguished by extending his arms, as in the act of drawing the thread, the tailor by sewing. He was fond of riding; he designated that exercise by joining his hands together and placing them under his feet, without doubt to imitate a stirrup. He made, as every body else does, the natural signs of yes and no, with the head: he had an aversion to being kissed on the face, and if his sister sometimes did it in play, he rubbed and wiped his face with a discontented air. It is remarkable that almost all the signs that he invented were calculated for the sight of others. He appeared sensible of his inferiority in relation to this sense; he easily recollected the signification of signs which had previously been taught. To make him comprehend the number of the days, they bent his head as a sign that he ought to go to bed so many times before the event would happen. Contentment was communicated to him by patting on the shoulder or arm; and discontent by a quick, smart blow. He was sensible to the caresses and to the satisfaction of his parents. He appeared fond of children; and often folded them in his arms. He was naturally of a good disposition, and offended no one; nevertheless his humour was not always equal. Sometimes he liked to frolic; and on such occasions laughed most boisterously. One of his favourite amusements was to shut some one in a chamber or the stable; but if he was teazed much, or too long a time, he grew angry, and uttered most disagreeable cries. In general he appeared contented with his situation. He possessed natural courage; but always acted with prudence.

When he was quite young, he wished every day to extend his walks farther than he had done the day previous. Once he found in his route a narrow wooden bridge which crossed the river near his father's house; he immediately placed himself on his hands and knees for the purpose of creeping over it. His father, to intimidate him, sent a man to push him into the water at a place where there was no danger, and immediately to withdraw him. This lesson produced the desired effect, and he never passed there again. Some years afterwards he still recollected this punishment, and being displeased with his little companion whilst playing in a boat attached to the shore, he caught him, plunged him into the water, and then withdrew him. He was afraid of fire, water, and cutting instruments. Dead animals never appeared to make a disagreeable impression upon him; he even found in them an object of amusement; but when he touched, for the first time, a dead man (it was his father), he drew back with precipitation and alarm. He afterwards touched other dead persons, without manifesting a like emotion. He knew that the dead were interred, and his sign to indicate it was slowly to lower his hand towards the earth. He had fear of death, and knowing that persons usually died in bed, he could not be prevailed upon to lie down when he was sick; and having remarked, that the dead were covered with white cloths, he was alarmed when sick if a white cloth was heated. The death of his father afforded him an opportunity for observing his attachment to his parents. When the coffin, which enclosed the body of his father was exposed before the door, previous to interment, James left the house with precipitation, snuffing the air around him, probably to direct his steps. He approached the coffin, threw himself upon it, clasped it in his arms, at the same time expressing by his countenance the greatest unhappiness and chagrin. When they were about to remove the coffin he threw himself upon it again, retained it, and they were finally obliged to tear him from it by force. A short time afterwards, his mother being indisposed, he shed tears. Whenever a member of the family was absent he manifested uneasiness. During a short time he had a sore foot, which he supported upon a stool; a year afterwards, observing that the boy that ordinarily accompanied him did not leave his chair, he felt of his legs, and finding one of them bandaged, he went to the granary and sought the stool, to place the foot of his friend upon it. In 1814 he was attacked by acute rheumatism. He was particularly fond of his elder sister, and preferred her to any other person. An aunt to whom he was also much attached, came to see them. During this time his sister was sick, and obliged to keep her bed.—Mitchell was evidently uneasy, and wished to know what had become of his sister, and signed to be conducted to her chamber, because his own sufferings would not allow him to walk unsupported. Having found his sister in bed, he expressed his pleasure by squeezing her hand. Having descended to his own room, he no longer desired his aunt to remain near him, but continually made signs that she should go up stairs, wishing without doubt, thus to express his desire that she should take care of his sister. It was difficult to determine if he experienced any religious sentiments. He accompanied his parents to church, and was accustomed to kneel during family prayers. He behaved decently on such occasions; but it was difficult to determine whether it was from habit or devotion. He knew that during the time they kneeled, his father had a book, (the Bible) before him. Three months after the death of his father, an ecclesiastic who, during the life of his father had joined in the family exercises, happened to be at the house. Mitchell brought him his father's Bible, and made a sign for all the family to kneel.—It is certain that he understood right from wrong. He was grieved every time he had offended his sister or mother, and caressed them to regain their affections. His sentiment of self-love or personal dignity is evident, because he would not take his regular meals among the servants in the kitchen, but would always have them in the chamber, in presence of the family; nevertheless, if he entered before the hour for dinner, he would often demand something to eat from the cook. His desire of approbation was very marked; he loved to be caressed; he gave a preference to well-dressed persons; and if he had new clothes he never was willing again to wear the old. He often destroyed or threw into the river his old clothes and shoes, to prevent his parents from compelling him to wear them.—Sometimes, in a great rage, he even tore his garments to pieces. It was wished to instruct him in basket-making, but a sedentary life displeased him, and, becoming tired of the employment, he threw the materials into the fire. A neighbor learnt him to smoke, and he acquired a very strong disposition for the pipe. Each time that he emptied his pipe, he broke it; to prevent a recurrence of such a catastrophe, a stronger pipe was procured him, but he refused to use it a second time. Afterwards he was put on an allowance of four pipes full of tobacco, and two new pipes, daily; so that each pipe served him twice,—after which it was broken. This enjoyment sometimes excited his cunning. One day his sister signed to him to go and buy two pipes: on his return he presented her with only one; she signified to him that he ought to have brought two. At first he appeared not to understand her; but when his sister pushed him from her, as a sign for him to go after the other, he drew it from his pocket, laughing immoderately. Many persons of the village of Navin, knowing his decided taste for tobacco, frequently gave him some: on his return to the house he never showed it before having received his daily allowance. I shall finish what I have to relate concerning this singular being by mentioning his idea of property. He once met upon the road a man mounted upon a horse which had been bought from his mother some weeks previous. Mitchell, according to his custom, touched the horse, appeared instantly to recognize it, and signed to the rider to dismount. He for the purpose of discovering Mitchell's intention obeyed, and was surprised to find that he conducted the horse to his mother's stable, took off the saddle and bridle, fed him with oats and retired, locking the door and putting the key into his pocket. It seems almost impossible to have a clearer proof of innate disposition.—This young man, deprived of the two principal senses of relation, without any education, not understanding the artificial signs either for hearing or sight, nevertheless manifested the affective and intellectual faculties in a high degree, whilst many who enjoy all the exterior senses in perfection, are very limited in their mental manifestations, or are even idiots.—*Spurzheim's Phrenology.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 18[illegible]

THE DEVIL OF GREAT WETATICK.

In the north part of the Bay State, is a town called Ashburnham, of which the Rev. Peter Whitney hath said, (in his History of Worcester County,) "there doth not so much water run into the town as would fill a man's boot." It is not hence to be inferred, however, that the town of Ashburnham is destitute of water. On the contrary, it hath abundance of that primitive liquid; and though it doth not, as the Reverend historian hath said, receive a bootful from its neighbors, it nevertheless furnishes unto them many a hogsheadful—nay, for that matter, enough to turn the wheels of many a busy mill, both for the grinding of corn and the manufacture of various articles.

Now the secret of this is, that the good town of Ashburnham is altogether *above* receiving of its neighbors a thing so cheap as water—occupying higher ground than they, and having no less than seven lakes—commonly denominated ponds—of its own. Hence it is, that while it asketh no favors, in the watery way, of its neighbors, it is proud to supply them continually from the abundance of its stores.

But it was by no means our intention to write of the waters of the town, but rather to speak of its hills—of which it contains, like Scheherazade's stories, a thousand and one of respectable dimensions—to say nothing of hillocks, swells, knolls, and the like. In the northeast corner of the town is one that absolutely rises to the dignity of a mountain, and goes by the Indian name of Wetatick—commonly called Great Wetatick, to distinguish it from another mountain in the same town known by the name of Little Wetatick.

The top of Great Wetatick is above the clouds—at least whenever they condescend to get below it—which usually happens just before a rain—the surcharged vapors then hanging heavily upon its sides—and sometimes clinging to its top, like the wig of an English barrister turned wrong side before. Indeed it serves as an almanac for the neighboring farmers, who, if they see Wetatick thus decked out of a morning, confidently expect rain before night.

This mountain is somewhat of a sugar-loaf form, and prodigiously high for the diameter of its base. The ascent, therefore, as may well be imagined, is very steep; and to this the weary limbs of many a traveller have borne feeling testimony. The sides are covered with forests which have never heard the sound of the axe; the trees diminishing in height as you ascend, until they dwindle into little better than shrubs near the top. On the very top, however, there are no trees; all is one solid rock. And here, according to vulgar belief, the Devil keeps a sort of observatory—not for the purpose of surveying the heavenly bodies—but in order to keep a look out for any body and every body whom he may fairly get into his clutches.

Among other proofs of his presence, is shown the print of his foot in the everlasting granite—or at least a print or figure, resembling a *horse-shoe*, which, *argal*, the multitude call *cloven*. Where they get their definition of the word cloven, we do not know. It is probably much after the manner of the *lucus a non lucendo* of the lexicographers. At all events an imprint, very like the figure of a horse-shoe is shown on the top of Great Wetatick, which is religiously believed to have been made by Satan himself, either before the rock was fairly baked—or, since it obtained its present hardness, by stamping in a furious passion.

Though the Devil is believed still to hold possession; this does not deter the curious from ascending the mountain—always with the precaution, however, of carrying up with them a stone, of greater or less dimensions, to serve as an amulet to keep the Old One away; or rather to be left as toll, or tribute to his Satanic Majesty; in default of which, the presumptuous mortal, it is believed, will be certainly caught before he can reach the foot of the mountain. As a proof nevertheless of the number of visiters, as well as to show the faithfulness wherewith they have ever paid the toll, a large pile of stones may be seen on the mountain top, to which every succeeding traveller considers it a matter of prudence to add one.

What strange species of avarice should induce the Devil to demand this tribute of stones, of which he seems to make no sort of use, we cannot well devise. It may be, he acts on the principle of those misers, who are continually hoarding up, without the most distant idea of taking any other enjoyment except that of seeing their heaps increase. Or it may be, that he is actuated by a malicious pleasure of witnessing the toil wherewith the traveller, puffing and blowing, lugs the toll up the steep ascent. And indeed, if good books and pious legends are worthy of credence, his Satanic Majesty is none too good to be actuated by such discreditable motives; and, in truth, is little better than Don Miguel himself.

But he is said not always to be content with stones of a reasonable size; and after the traveller has wearied himself almost to death by lugging up such as he had reason to believe would be acceptable, has cavilled about the weight, the size, &c., and insisted that he would have larger stones, or he would know the reason why.

There lived formerly, in the neighborhood of Great Wetatick, on what were called the Dutch Farms, a fellow by the name of Yaccup Van Ripper. He was a stout, strong, bruising chap; very fond of hunting; could whip any two of his neighbors; and was afraid of nobody except the Devil himself, in whom he most devoutly believed; and he never failed, on ascending the mountain—which he did very often—to carry a larger stone than any other person. He seemed to delight in the toil; still carrying a larger and larger stone at each succeeding journey; until one day, having deposited his tribute on the pile, he sat quietly down in his usual mode, to breathe and smoke his pipe. He had drawn but a few whiffs, when he heard a grum voice, which seemed to come from behind the heap, saying—

"Yaccup! Yaccup!"

"Here be's I!" said the Dutchman—"wat de Dyvel you want?"

"Dont be saucy," returned the voice—"or you may have reason to repent it. I am the Devil himself."

"De Dyvel you pe!"

"You're right; the Devil I be, sure enough. And now, harkee, Yaccup."

"I hears you—you need'nt shpeak so lout; I be's not teaf."

"But I say, Yaccup!"

"I be's here, I dell you. Wat you want more? Cant a man shmoke his'n pipe mitout being droubled mit your tam yaup?"

"Dont swear, Yaccup. I'll allow nobody to swear here but myself."

"Yourselluf! Hoity-toity! Mishter Dyvel—if so pe you be's de raal honest Dyvel—I have prought up mine shtone, and put him on de bile; and deretore I owes you notting more as good will." So saying, Yaccup began to smoke again with great nonchalance, and did not seem to trouble himself in the least about the presence of his Sulphureous Majesty; when the voice still more grum than before resumed—

"I tell you what it is, friend Yaccup—that last stone you brought me is quite too small."

"Too shmall! furflucht and de Dyvel! Too shmall do you say? Mein Gott! I never prought up so pigger a shtone in all my life pefore."

"But I tell you, Yaccup, it is quite too small; and you must return forthwith and fetch me up a larger one—or else—"

"Or else wat—ha?"

"Or else you and I will have a crow to pick."

Yaccup Van Ripper, as we have said, was a famous hunter; and he was in the habit of climbing the mountain for other game besides crows; and to tell the plain truth, he had no wish to fall out with his Horned Majesty: wherefore he put up his pipe and descended the mountain for another stone. He now brought up one as large as he could well carry, which made him puff and blow like a porpoise. Throwing it violently down, he exclaimed—'Dere! Mishter Dyvel, I tinks dat is pig enough for you."

"That likewise is quite too small," said the voice.

"Wat! dat too shmall too?"

"Quite too small."

"Den I must dell you wat it is: you be's de most unreasonable Dyvel I ever seen in all my life."

"No abuse," returned the voice, more stern and gruff than ever—"you know this is my territory, and I have a right to exact what penalty I please from such as presume to set foot upon it; wherefore, no grumbling—but go back this instant and bring me a larger stone."

"No I wont, py—"

"No swearing—"

"Den I dell you, Mishter Dyvel, mitout shwearing, dat you be's de tamn'dest ungottly schelm I ever heerd on; and if you want a pigger shtone as dat, you may go and fetch him your own selluf."

"Go this instant, or—"

Here he was interrupted by Yaccup, who told him flatly he could not stir a step. He had now got his anger up, and with it his courage rose to such a pitch that he was not afraid of the Devil himself. Whereupon seizing a stone, as heavy as he could well throw, he went round to the other side of the heap to look for the arch-enemy. There he beheld crouched down a most terrific figure—not wanting either in horns, tail, or any other outward appurtenances usually ascribed to the Prince of Evil. But Yaccup was no ways daunted, as he presently proved by hurling the stone directly at the demon's head. He gave a most horrific cry, cut various strange antics, hopping and tossing about like a hen with its head newly cut off; and finally ended by rolling down the mountain.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Yaccup—"I've peat you, have I, Mishter Dyvel; and taking advantage of the enemy's discomfiture, he rolled after him the great stone he had just brought up; and quietly sat down to smoke his pipe and enjoy his victory. He finished without any further molestation; and, in fact was never afterwards asked for a larger stone than it suited his convenience to carry.

This daring exploit of the Dutchman was the general talk of the neighborhood for a long time. Yaccup used to relate the story on many a winter evening, over his pipe and mug of cider; and the good old dames put, each her finger on her lip, and shook their heads in ominous silence—as much as to say, it was not a matter for every body to talk of.

But somewhat about the time the famous contest between Van Ripper and the Devil took place, it is reported that a neighbor of Yaccup's—who bore him a grudge, on account of a plump Dutch girl whom Yaccup hae succeeded in winning from him—came home one evening with a broken head and sundry severe bruises, all which he averred he had got by taking an unlucky step down a precipice in the dark. He was under surgical treatment for three months; and the doctor's diary confirms the report of the broken head and the bruises—though, unfortunately, it offers no conjecture as to the manner in which those hurts were obtained. What this simple fact in surgical history has to do with the case of Yaccup Van Ripper and the Devil, we really shall not pretend to say. But some how or other we had unaccountably connected the two subjects in our head; and could not well separate them on paper.

As for the Devil of Great Wetatick he continued to maintain nearly the same influence over the belief of the neighboring people, that he had ever done, his discomfiture by the daring and redoubtable Yaccup to the contrary notwithstanding.

RATS AT SEAWARD ISLANDS.

For some years after the commencement of Sir Edward Seaward's little colony, that happy settlement remained free from rats. But at length those troublesome vermin, which always infest the older countries, began also to annoy the inhabitants at Seaward Islands. There had been some sickness and some deaths at the settlement; but says the narrator—

"Diego," (a favorite black) "had a serious visitation to impart to me, worse than the plague or the small-pox. The place was overrun with *rats*; and he could not imagine whence they came. They destroyed the corn and completely ruined the little patches of sugar-cane below the cotton tree; but, happily, they had not appeared either on Edward's Island, or at Peccary Field. Unfortunately there were not any cats in the settlement. Hitherto I had not allowed any to be brought to it, as there was no natural prey for them, neither rats nor mice; and I did not desire to see the native doves and nightingales driven by grimalkin from our doors. But I now wished that some adventurous *Whittington* might come to the port with a cargo of *tabbies*; and in the humor I was in when Diego imparted the information to me, I think I should have given him his own price for the investment, although I might know my own conscientious fiscal would not remit one fraction of the *ad valorem* duty, if it were to save his own nose from being gnawed off by the vermin.

"There were however some small dogs at German Town, and as Fidele had already killed a few of the intruders, we might expect a similar service from his humbler fellows. 'When we get in crop, sir,' said Diego, 'you give me dogs; and Jemmy Purdy he famous rat-catcher, sir; we then dig all them out, and kill every one. *Donna Rata* always live under cane roots, sir, and about in holes.' When the time for taking up the crops came, which soon arrived, Diego marshalled his forces; but the matter was of too much importance to be left to Purdy and the dogs. A levy *en masse* was required, by which we formed a cordon round our little plantation. As the rats were dug out, or started, the dogs generally caught hold of them, but the creatures were very large and powerful, and bit sharply, so that sometimes the dogs let them go. Purdy, however, always killed his rat; he caught it adroitly, and grasped it fearlessly, throwing it with great force into the air, never failing to strike it as it came down, with a short stick he held in his left hand which he suddenly shifted over to the right. 'Hit him at once, with your stick, while he is on the ground, Purdy,' said I, 'instead of killing him as you do.'—'Cant, sir,' he replied; 'he stop for me to put hand on him; wont stop to hit him with stick: and if I hit him with stick, when I catch him, if I dont kill him dead he will bite me to the bone.' And this was true enough; for although the people were armed with sticks, and the rats passed closely among them, not above two or three were struck and killed; and one negro was bit severely, who had caught a rat with the hand, and then struck it with his stick while he had hold of it. When the enterprize was finished, although the dogs and Purdy had killed nearly thirty, I was convinced as many more had escaped; a formidable horde of barbarians, sufficient to procreate a host equal to the destruction of every thing belonging to us, if not ourselves also."

A Whole-Hog Militiaman. Among those patriots who turned out on Monday last in obedience to the militia law, was one who might truly be called a whole-hog soldier; for he carried a live grunter, a month old or so, in one of the pockets of a pea-jacket, which he wore by way of regimentals. The head of the animal was allowed to protrude, partly for the purpose of breathing freely, and partly that he might "discourse excellent music," as an accompaniment to the drum and fife. The pig, however, seemed to be very little acquainted with martial music; and frequently made discord in the band. For this reason, or some other, he was turned out of the ranks, and sent to accompany his master under guard of a corporal.

But the banished man and the banished pig drew more attention than the whole military corps besides. Every body was crowding round, or following in the rear of the swine, while none were so poor as to do reverence to those from whom he and his master were banished. This shows very conclusively, if any proof were wanting, that a vast majority of the people are decidedly in favor of reform in the Militia System: and that any man, who is disposed to go the whole hog in aid of such reform, will meet with the thanks and the support of community.

Send for the Breeches. One warm afternoon in summer, Judge ——— had thrown off his coat and walked to the court house in his morning gown. But as the weather grew cool towards evening, he despatched a boy to his house to fetch him his coat. Now his Honor the Judge was generally believed to be under petticoat government; and a gentleman of the bar thought this would be a good opportunity to file a joke. Whereupon as the Judge ordered the coat to be brought, the wag of the law, stepping up to the bench, said to him in a loud whisper—"Had'nt your Honor better send for the *breeches* also?" The Judge it is said, deemed this a flagrant contempt of the Court, and forthwith punished the offender by striking him from the roll of—his good opinion.

Poor Poland. The last accounts from the other side of the water state, that Warsaw capitulated to the Russians on the 7th of September, after two days of hard fighting.

The British Reform Bill passed the House of Commons on the 19th of September by a vote of 113 to 58.

The Gladiator. This new Tragedy seems to be very successful at Philadelphia, and the editorial corps of that city of brotherly love speak in high terms of its merits. Doctor *Bird* has reason to be proud of the success of his *quill*.

PERK THEATRE.

Master Burke has just finished an engagement at the Park, in which he played with his usual ability: and though he did not draw such crowds as greeted him on his first arrival in this country, the houses were respectable.

Cinderella continues to attract large audiences; and the little glass slipper is none the worse for wear.

Waldimar. On Tuesday evening the public were presented with the new Tragedy of Waldimar, which had been for some time in preparation. The house, though not excessively crowded, was well filled; and the play went off without any difficulty. Several parts were loudly applauded. But what share of approbation was intended for the play, and what awarded to the acting of Mr. C. Kean, who played the part of Waldimar, we could not positively decide; the larger share, however, we should think was given to the latter. The fury of passion with which the piece abounds, affords occasion for much ranting; and the ears of the groundlings, if they are fond of being split, have sufficient reason to be satisfied. Noise and fury from the stage will always excite the admiration of the pit.

In relation to Mr. Kean's acting, however, and that of the performers generally, we have no fault to find—they did what they could with their parts. The prologue, if spoken at all, we were not in time to hear. The epilogue was amusingly written; and being well delivered by Mrs. Sharpe, drew forth much applause.

Of the merits of the Tragedy, perhaps we should not attempt to speak until we have seen the mercantile price current; for being a product of Pearl-street, we naturally look for its true valuation from that quarter. We will say, however, that to us, much of the dialogue appeared tedious and unnatural; much of the fury of passion, without adequate cause; and the piece, in many parts, deficient in the dignity that belongs to the tragic muse.

Orations of Demosthenes. The III. and IV. numbers of Harper's Classical Family Library are just published. They consist of the Orations of Demosthenes, translated by Thomas Leland, D. D. The character of these Orations has been too long established, to require either elucidation or support from us; and we would just observe that the English translation, in which they now appear, does ample justice to the original both by its spirit and elegance.

Of the value of Harper's Family Library we have more than once spoken in terms of praise; and we do but justice in repeating, that its volumes, for their intrinsic excellence, neat and uniform mechanical execution, and cheapness of price, deserve the generous support of the public.

Tariff Convention. The Convention in favor of the American System have just closed their labors in this city. The affairs of that respectable body for the most part proceeded with great harmony. But, in one or two instances, its dignity was a little marred by Mr. Woodward of this city, who must needs let in upon Mr. Goddard of Connecticut, about the Hartford Convention, of which the latter had been a member. But as the Hartford Convention had nothing to do with the business of the Tariff Convention, Mr. Woodward was believed to be sadly out of order, and was promptly hissed down.

Mr. Dunlop of Pennsylvania made some remarks on hatchets and other matters and things, which drew great applause. He is himself a manufacturer of hatchets, and albeit his speeches were not at all polished, they were not wanting in sharpness, as those who felt their edge could very well testify.

On Monday ex-President Adams was recognized among the spectators, and invited to a seat on the bench along with the presiding officers. While passing through the crowd, he was received with three cheers.

On the same day the Address to the People, reported by Mr. Ingersoll of Philadelphia, was read by that gentleman in a very clear and forcible manner. It is written with great ability both in matter and manner; the style being neat and appropriate, and the reasoning clear and forcible. If other evidence were wanting, both of the excellence of the Address, and of the manner in which it was read; the two hours with which it was listened to without *ennui*, and the frequent applauses it received, would be conclusive in its favor.

A great variety of resolutions were passed in the Convention; and among others was one in favor of protecting all sorts of manufactures of *clay*. This was adopted unanimously; and it was perfectly apparent that the members wished to afford all due encouragement to the *infant* manufactures of our country.

Fraud in the Weight of coal. Some of the coal-merchants of Boston, as we learn from the Evening Gazette of that city, are in the habit of cheating in the weight of Anthracite Coal. In one case it is stated the ton fell short to the very considerable amount of 700 lbs! We would not suggest that any of the coal-dealers of this city could possibly do the like; but as every body is aware, that there is no friendship in trade, it would be well enough for purchasers to look out.

—*Public Conveyances.*—We copy the following from the Utica Observer of the 18th instant.—At the Circuit Court held in this village last week, the cause of "Canfield Bostwick vs. Aristarcias Champion and others" came on. This was an action on the case against the defendants as proprietors of the Pioneer Line of Stages, for the damage done to the Plaintiff's wife, by a driver of the line, in negligently driving against a wagon in which she was riding; and injuring her so much, that she will be a cripple during her life. The occurrence happened near Vernon village, in this county, sometime in September 1830, and just before that line was discontinued. Verdict for the Plaintiff, *eight hundred dollars.* [This shows the nature of the law—but what compensation are such damages for the injury sustained !]

The Alabama Intelligencer gives an account of a very good *Wine* made in Green County, which it designates by the name of "Alabama Madeira."—The gentleman whose vineyard supplies this article is also said to have been very successful in his attempts to cultivate Pears, Quinces, &c.—fruits not often met with far as the South.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

Miss Porter, in the introduction to a new edition of this work, just published in London as No. 7 of the series of standard novels, gives the following delightful account of the origin of this romance: *Atlas.*

"In seeking to go back, by the traces of recollection, to the period when the first impression of the heroes which form the story of the 'Scottish Chiefs' was made on my mind, I am carried so completely into the scenes of my infancy, that I feel like one of the children old tales tell of, who, being lost in a wood, tries to find her way home again by the possibly preserved track of a few corn-seeds she had chanced to scatter on the ground as she came. To wander in these memories has, however, a pleasure of its own; many pleasant places presenting themselves to stop at, and thence to review with a sweet sadness, through the long vale of past days, some distant, lovely scene, under the soul hallowed twilight of time. Such scenes are peopled with beloved forms, living there before our heart's eye; but, in reality, long removed from us into an eternal paradise. Born on the border lands of Scotland, my mother, in an early widowhood, took her children thither, then almost infants, to bring them up in good air, and in the future advantage of a good education at a moderate expense. But in Scotland it is not the 'pastors and masters' only who educate the people—there is a spirit of wholesome knowledge in the country, pervading all ranks, which passes from one to the other like the atmosphere they breathe; and I may truly say, that I was hardly six years of age when I first heard the names of William Wallace and Robert Bruce—not from gentlemen and ladies, readers of history; but from the maids in the nursery, and the serving-man in the kitchen: the one had their songs of 'Wallace wight!' to lull my baby sister to sleep; and the other, his tales of 'Bannockburn' and 'Cambuskenneth' to entertain my young brother, keeping his eager attention awake evening after evening, often to a late hour, and sending him to his bed, still asking for more, to see the heroes in his dreams. I remember with delight even now how I was amused for hours in the same way, by a venerable old woman called Luckie Forbes, who lived in a humble but comfortable occupation, near some beautiful green banks, which rose in natural terraces behind my mother's house, and who, often meeting me there when playing about, would walk by me, and talk to me, with her knitting in her hand; or I used to run to her own little home, and sit down on a stool by her side, while she told me of the wonderful deeds of William Wallace—of his fighting for Scotland, against as many cruel tyrants as those whom Abraham overcame when he recovered Lot and all his herds and flocks from the five robber-kings, in the vale that was afterwards called the Kings' Dale because of that victory. My lowly instructress never omitted an opportunity of mingling a pious allusion with her narrations. In like manner, at many a cottar's fireside in Scotland, the seed of the bread for this life and of that which is to come are sown together. From this custom of hers, I often listened to her with an awful reverence, as well as with delighted interest in the events of her stories. She described the person of Wallace from head to foot, as if she had seen him, telling me how comely he was, and how lofty in spirit, and that no temptation from 'bonnie leddy' or powerful prince could ever bribe him from the cause of Scotland. But she seemed to have most satisfaction in talking of the friendship between Wallace and Bruce; and she dwelt on it over and over again, comparing it with that of David and Jonathan, 'whose souls were knit together, and whose love for each other was wonderful, passing the love of women!' 'My bonnie bairn,' said she, '*there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother!*' I never can forget that dear old woman—so shrewd, yet simple-minded, and cheerfully religious: she performed her humble duties with activity and content; her recreation, and 'exceeding great reward,' was reading her Bible, which she did every day. I do not recollect ever seeing any other book in her house, though she knew the history of Scotland, and the biography of its great families, as accurately as if the top of her *muckle kist*, on which her Bible lay, had been filled with historical chronicles. Luckie Forbes was not singular in this simplicity of book learning and comprehensive knowledge with regard to her own country. I remember to have met much of the same amongst most of the Scotch of the lower orders with whom, whether as a child or in later years, I became acquainted. I do not say that I did not hear of the 'doughty deeds' of her favourite heroes from the lips of our revered school-instructor, Mr. Fulton, of Niddry's Wind, whose lessons were always chosen from the noblest subjects; nor, indeed, from occasional references, made by several accomplished scholars and esteemed friends who visited my honoured mother's unpretending tea-table; —but I must avow, that to Luckie Forbes's familiar, and even endearing manner of narrating the lives of William Wallace and his dauntless followers—her representation of their heart-sacrifices for the good of their country, filling me with an admiration and a reverential amazement, like her own—and calling forth my tears and sobs, when she told of the deaths of some, and of the cruel execution of the virtuous leader of them all,—to her I must date my early and continued enthusiasm in the character of Sir William Wallace, and in the friends his truly hero-soul 'delighted to honour.' * * *

"Though my earliest associations, it may be seen, were all in favour of 'the Scottish Chiefs' being the first of my writings; yet, having quitted Scotland while still a child, eager to read books, and little dreaming of ever writing one,—the 'Fairy Queen,' 'Sidney's Arcadia,' and other tales of English chivalry, soon took their share in dividing my admiration with the Scottish heroes, whom almost deifying tradition had taught me to worship. Sober history came in in good time to sift the wheat in this mingled growth of weeds and harvest; and my late preface to the Standard Edition of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' shows how the time-honoured names of Sobieski and his followers wrought on me first to dare becoming myself a narrator of heroic deeds. That work was written in London, surrounded by living characters, whose corresponding military fame seemed to hold me examples I need only copy, to produce all I wanted to portray. But 'the Scottish Chiefs' was composed under very different circumstances. Our revered parent had retired with us into the country:—she wisely took us from a world that might have presented too many charms for young and ardent spirits, and which was then opening in many ways before us. In the quiet seclusion she chose, where we had then few acquaintance, recollections of the past could not but be our frequent amusement; and those of our dear Scotland often presented themselves. We talked of our walks on the Calton Hill, then a vast green slope, with no other buildings breaking the line of its smooth and magnificent brow, but Hume's monument on one part, and the astronomical observatory on another; then of our climbing the steeper height of Arthur's Seat, and of our awed visits to St. Anton's Well!—all haunted by the ever-inspiring images of William Wallace and his brother heroes; or, the not less interesting, though more modern remembrances, attached to the misfortunes of the house of Stuart, from unhappy Mary to her expatriated descendant, Charles Edward. In these discourses I often found myself again by the side of Luckie Forbes and her spinning-wheel, listening to the delightful hum of her legendary lore; and while I dwelt in recollection on all she had told me of the champion of Scotland, and on all I subsequently had read of him and his associates, whether in history, or in the old native poems of 'Blinde Harrie' and 'Barbour's Bruce,' some of the earliest friends of my youth successively died—persons descended from the bravest and the best of those honoured associates; and, under the impulse of a votive sorrow, I conceived the idea of writing 'the Scottish Chiefs.' "

SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.

We make a few extracts:

Monday, Jan. 14th, 1734.—The morning proved fine, and the weather appeared settled. We agreed now to land all the ducks; so we took them, eight in number, male and female, in two bags, up to the cave, where they were greeted by their two feathered kindred with loud and continued quacking. I left my wife there, to throw some corn to the stock, while I went to the vessel for the table I had made for our wooden palace; and taking advantage of it to stand on, I replaced the two planks that had been blown from the roof by the storm. We then returned to the vessel; and, while my wife got breakfast, I selected half a dozen yams, and two dozen coccos, which I put into a sack, and, with my spade and an axe, set out to the cocoa-nut grove, my dear helpmate carrying a little basket with provisions, and her boarding-pike; Fidele following. The sand was firm, and the walking good all the way; so that we reached the spot in about half an hour, notwithstanding the burdens we carried, and the heat of the day, which, out of the shade, was rather too great to be agreeable. We set down our things under the shade of three cocoa-nut trees, that stood close together under the rocky part of the ridge;—and on the ledge of it we found a nice convenient seat. My first operation was to select, for cutting down, one of the trees on the south side of the grove, which were all laden with fruit of different sizes; and I chose the one that seemed most in the way of my plantation, for the quantity of fit ground at this place was very small. My axe being new, I soon felled the tree; and as soon as it dropped, Eliza was at my side. I cut off the cocoa-nuts, twenty-eight in number, which she undertook to carry one by one to the ledge where our basket had been deposited. I now put off my jacket, and went to work with the spade, and was glad to find the soil tolerably good. I dug along the south side of the grove, the ground being best there, and clear of shade. In the course of my labor I had to take up several young trees, from two to six feet high; and was pretty well fatigued by a couple hours of such work. My poor dear wife had not carried above half the cocoa-nuts before she was heartily tired too; and seating herself down on the ledge, under shadow of the rock, she spread out our frugal meal, and called me to it. I joined her at her summons; and after eating a little of what she had prepared, I split the husk off a couple of young cocoa-nuts; then piercing the nuts at the top, emptied their delicious milk into a tin cup she had brought in the basket. I tasted it, and handed it to her. As she drank, she every now and then exclaimed, "How nice! how cool! how delicious!" But she did not drink quite half, being anxious that I also should taste it, which I did, and quickly finished the remainder. I now cut the tops off the nuts, and found a soft agreeable substance adhering to the sides, which we scooped out and ate.

After these dainties we had no desire for more of our salt beef and yam; so, being content for the present with what we had taken, I proposed lying down on the rock, to repose for a while during the hottest part of the day. Eliza turned the yams and coccos out of the sack, and placing it under my head, I soon fell asleep, while she and Fidele kept sentry over me. I awoke much refreshed, and looked up with delight on the sweet eyes that were watching me as I slept. It was not time yet to go to work; the sun continued too intense; but the yams were to be slit in pieces, as we cut potatoes for planting; and while I was employed in doing this, my dear guardian angel and Fidele took a comfortable nap beside me. After the heat of the day had passed, I went to my spade again; and before evening, had turned up a long narrow strip of tolerable ground, on the southern margin of the grove, and had put in the cuttings of the yams in one part, and the coccos whole in the other. My wife also had brought melon and pumpkin seeds with her, and diligently sowed them wherever I directed as a fit spot. We thus finished the task we had appointed to be done, and were glad. But grateful satisfaction gave a stimulus to exertion; and I set to cleaving the outer husks of half a dozen cocoa-nuts, putting the nuts into our sack. I emptied the canteen on the spots where the musk-melon seeds were put in; and, not choosing to lose any of our labour, bundled up some of the young cocoa-nut trees I had uprooted, and also gathered together the fragments of our provisions, trudged back to the plank house, where we arrived a little before sunset. I was certainly very tired; but I would not go on board, until I had planted three or four of the trees round our palace—one at each end, to the east and west; and two behind, viz.; to the north. The stars were out, when this last achievement was completed; and so wearied were we, that, without looking at our stock, we crawled on board, leaving all our burdens in the plank house. We took a cup of wine and water each, when snugly housed in our cabin, and, with a short but fervent prayer, retired to rest.

Tuesday, 15th.—I was very stiff in the morning, and my dear wife also acknowledged the effects of her fatigue: but we got up and went upon deck, and with only as much covering as modesty required, underwent a good sluicing with sea-water, drawn up by a bucket; by which operation we were greatly refreshed and instantly relieved from the stiffness produced by the labor of the preceding day. I dried myself, and dressed on deck; while she went below and did the same. We walked up to the plank house before breakfast, and intended visiting our stock, but we found it chiefly outside of the thicket, ready to greet us; and as there was neither door nor windows to close the house from their entrance, the goats and fowls had made free with the yams and biscuit left there in the basket last night. I could not now feel that my building was perfected, until I remedied this evil; therefore, when we returned on board to breakfast, and while my wife prepared it, I opened the main hatchway, and got up some laths; then taking the door off the captain's state-room, laid all in order for carrying them on shore, which we did soon after; neither Eliza nor myself making long meals. I nailed the laths outside the plank house across the windows, at the distance of about four inches asunder, which piece of work I completed in less than an hour; and I then endeavored to fit in the door, but it was neither high enough nor broad enough; so I was obliged to place a board erect, joined to one of the side-posts, by which means I narrowed the before open portal to exactly the size of the door. The hinges I nailed to the post, and then filled up the vacant space above the door, with another slip of wood. This was all done by two o'clock; and my wife was as much surprised as she was pleased to see my palace, now a castle into which nothing could intrude. * * *

"As I had been sufficiently industrious to plant and sow as many roots and seeds as would produce as much provision as we would require of this kind for the season, and as there was no great hurry about putting in the Indian corn, (there being so great a supply of it on board,) I felt I might direct my attention and labour to some oth er matters that waited my exertions. We had felt the want of fresh provisions, and been tantalized almost every evening by seeing the mullet leaping almost within our reach about the point below the spring. This set me on my inventions how to contrive a small punt, (a sort of flat-bottomed boat,) and which, with the planks I had at hand, I thought might be easily constructed. My Eliza, however, evinced some scruples about its safety: it might prove my coffin! I smiled, and soon succeeded in calming her fears; after which she amused, and employed herself, during that day, and in the two following likewise, by collecting and conveying on shore several things applicable to our comfort and convenience. Meanwhile I got out some suitable plank, and other boards from the hold, and carried them, together with nails and other requisites from the carpenter's chest, to land also; and then set heartily to work to construct my punt—my dock-yard being the slope of the beach, to the northward of the rocky point, and close to the water's edge. [Then follows a minute description of the manner in which it was built.] On the evening of the 21st my punt was put together; but it required to be calked, before it could be launched.

Thursday, 24th—I made a fruitless rummage in the ship for its deposit of oakum, to calk the punt with; and, as a last resource, was about to set to, with my dear helpmate, to pick some large rope to pieces, and so make oakum of it, when I bethought myself of a place in the brig I had not yet explored, and in which it might probably be. This was the fore-cuddy, a sort of store-room for sails and other things under the forecastle, and secured by a small hatch. I instantly repaired thither, and getting off the hatch, went down. A welcome sight greeted me, for I found not only oakum in a large bag, but a pitch-kettle, and half a barrel of pitch! I saw a bale of canvass, some spare sails, and a good deal of cordage: all this was a most useful discovery. I hauled up the bag with the oakum, and took it on shore: and then returning for a large and small calking-iron, the mallet, and grease-box, I was set up, and intended to proceed to business instantly. Here my zeal had run a little before the order of things; for I found the bottom must be calked first; so I had to return, and get a couple of handspikes, to raise and turn my punt; for although it was only twelve feet long, and five feet broad, and two feet high, I could not lift it into the proper position by strength of arm alone; but with the handspikes, and the help of my dear wife, I soon succeeded in turning it bottom up. When this was accomplished, I then perceived that I must not only calk, but pay the bottom with pitch, before I could proceed to work on the interior of the vessel; so back I trudged for the pitch kettle, which was a large heavy iron porridge-pot: and in the getting this on shore, and a sufficient quantity of pitch for all the purposes, nearly the whole day was consumed; so that it was not till the following I could fairly commence.

Friday, 25th.—As early as possible I set about the calking. I first made a fire, and put on the pitch-pot with its contents, close to the rock where I was to work; but, for fear of setting my pitch in a blaze, I kept the embers low; and, while it was preparing, laboured away blithely with my large calking iron; driving the oakum in, between the interstices of the five planks that formed the bottom. I completed this part of the business before I was summoned to breakfast, and even payed the seams over with a good coat of hot pitch. After I had eaten this refreshing meal, by the side of my happy Eliza in the plank house, she walked down with me to the punt, and manfully wielding one of the handspikes, while I lifted by hand, we turned our boat over again on her bottom. She was delighted with the idea of having rendered me an assistance, without which, I told her, I really could not have succeeded in this important object. I continued to work all day, but my progress became comparatively slow. I perceived I had some other carpentry jobs to execute, which I had forgotten; like the man that built his house without a staircase. I had to place a thwart, for the rower to sit on, and pins for the oars, besides a seat toward the stern: so I extinguished the fire beneath the pitch-pot; not being able to pay the seams, till all the above was done. However, I completed the whole of the wood-work by evening, entirely to my satisfaction.

Saturday, 26th.—I finished the calking before breakfast; and having put the fire again under the pitch-kittle, payed all the seams, inside and, out, by two o'clock; and, while the pitch was yet soft on the interior, I threw hand-full of sand in every direction within the punt, so that the sand might mix and adhere to the pitch, which would in a great measure prevent it sticking to our clothes. I now went up to dinner; and after our usual repose during the heat, I walked my dear wife down in triumph, to see our works completed. I brought with me a piece of rope for a paynter to our punt, which I made fast to the bow. I then took a plank for a lever, and raising the end of the little vessel next the water, requested my helpmate to shove one of the handspikes under it for a roller. That done, I elevated the other end in the same manner, pretty high; and placing the other handspike beneath it, with a necessary force applied by the plank lever, the punt went off the handspikes cheerily into the water; and we felt great joy in seeing our little ship afloat. I wound the extremity of the paynter rope securely round a fragment of rock, and thus left our future fishing smack, exulting in our work.

'Now, Edward,' said my dear wife, 'you deserve a glass of good wine, and you shall have it.' Indeed she had prepared me a treat, for on our return to our wooden palace, she set before me a shaddock, with biscuit and a bottle of wine; and I enjoyed it much, until near the close of day, which her agreeable conversation quickly beguiled away. I never can forget this well-timed and agreeable feast! the recollection of which, even now, gives me more delight than, perhaps, comes to the lot of some men to enjoy from the most elaborate pleasures. Enjoyment pre-supposes a capability; and there are many requisites to constitute that capability. Our dear Mr. Goldsmith often said, that 'Satan can grant possessions; but enjoyment is the gift of God; and most especially the enjoyment of retrospection.' The shaddock we had cut was as large as the best melon that grows in England; its interior was a bright salmon colour, and its flavour was that of the orange, with the addition of an aromatic bitter, which rendered it highly grateful to the palate. We preserved its seeds in a little paper bag; several of which my Eliza had made during the last week for such a purpose. In the course of conversation, my dear wife told me she had got quite a store of eggs during the week; that all her hens were laying; but that they still continued to make their deposits in the original nest between the fragments of rock, though as soon as she found an egg, she removed it to the hen-house above. Her store consisted of ten. 'Very well,' I replied, 'when you have secured a dozen, let the nest below take its chance: remove no more; perhaps Fidele won't touch them; and if he should, we have some to spare!'

The week being so well finished—having, indeed, earned the promised rest, by 'the sweat of our brow,'—we looked forward with thankfulness to the 'day of rest,' which the goodness of God had appointed; and without which, little as we may sometimes think of its importance, even the most diligent would become weary of the occupations of life; while a worse evil would be the consequence,—such continued operation, naturally separating us, by estranging our thoughts from that future state of spiritual existence for which man originally was created; and to secure which our heavenly Father has never ceased to bring forward dispensations of righteousness and mercy.

Sunday, 27th.—We kept this Sabbath without intermixing with it temporal anxieties. In sweet tranquillity of mind, we performed the service of the church in the morning; and in the evening read many chapters in Isaiah and St. John; recreating ourselves in the intermediate time by walking the ship's deck, where we had beneath us the ark of our deliverance. When night drew on, we retired to our cabin with unusual comfort: and awoke at the dawn, quite refreshed by an undisturbed sleep, and the rest of the Sabbath-day.

Monday, 28th.—Some laundry work was to be done to-day; so my wife, and I her helpmate on this occasion, repaired early to the spring, with the clothes for ablution; and pulling off our boots and stockings, and with our battle-doors in hand, whose virtue we were now going to try, we fixed on two smooth large stones in the stream, and went to our task. The running water cleared the linen at every stroke; and by breakfast-time we had prepared a good quantity for drying; each taking an end of the heaviest articles, by twisting the contrariwise wrung them well. 'There, my dame,' said I; 'as your lord and husband could not have turned the punt without you, so you could not have rinsed these sheets without him: our situation shows how much is to effected by mutual assistance; and that, when it is rejected or refused, many useful things must remain unaccomplished. To such a lesson, at least, is the tendency of God's providence in the order of his creation.'—'God is good, and perfect in all his ways, my dear Edward,' she replied: 'but man is too often wise in his own conceit, and therefore proud, and ruinous of his own comforts.'—This dialogue was worthy of the pupil and the daughter of William Goldsmith: we did not find that the tone of our minds was lowered by the menial occupation of washing in a brook. We spread out the clean linen on the sands to dry; and then walked up to the plank house, to take our usual morning repast. That over, we returned briskly to work again, and, in a couple of hours more, finished our labour. My Eliza was then very tired: I took her arm in mine, and led her back to the plank house and made her lie down on our friendly settee, to repose. I repaired, meanwhile, to watch the clothes, lest the sea-breeze should blow any of them into the lake; but I also employed myself in reconnoitring the punt, which I found afloat, without having leaked one drop of water. It was my next business to make a couple of schulls, or small oars; and having previously provided two pieces of lance-wood, about six feet long each, I fell to work with my hatchet and an adze, and contrived to give them both a shape by two o'clock. The linen by this time was dry; so I bundled it all up in a table cloth, and carried it to the plank house, where I found my Eliza, with her constant attendant Fidele, fast asleep. I would not disturb her; and, as she had not had any but cold salt beef for some time past, I thought of surprising her with something like a pepper-pot, a favourite dish in Jamaica; and putting on a stew-pan, with a due quantity of meat, and a few of our vegetables, with capsicums, and other seasoning at hand, I produced what I hoped might prove a savoury mess. When it was done, and placed on the table, I waked my wife in my accustomed way, and led her smiling to the repast I had provided. 'Dear, kind Edward!' exclaimed she, surprised, and pleased as she sat down. She praised my pepper-pot highly; and much as I might be disposed to think well of my own work, I fancied every mouthful better and better, after every word of her commendation."

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The two following letters are from the first volume of this work.

"Halifax, June 24th, 1788.

Dearest, Dearest Mother—I got here three days ago after a passage of twenty-eight days, one of the quickest almost ever known. We had a fair wind every hour of the way. Depend on it, dearest mother, I will not miss an opportunity of writing to you. Tony has followed your directions very implicitly, for there has not passed a day yet without his telling me I had best write now, or I should go out and forget it.

I can give you no account of the country yet, or the people. By what I hear, they are all Irish, at least in this town: the brogue is not in higher perfection in Kilkenny. I think I hear and see *Thamis* in every corner of the street. I am lodged at a Mr. Cornelius O'Brien's, who claims relationship; and I accept the relationship,—and his *horse*, for thirty miles up the country. I set out to-day. My regiment is at St. John's, in New-Brunswick: the distance is a hundred and twenty miles from here to Annapolis, and at Annapolis you embark across the bay of Fundy to St. John's, which is opposite, at the mouth of the river of the same name. This is the common route; but to avoid the bay of Fundy (which is a very disagreeable navigation, and where one sometimes happens to be a fortnight out,) I go another road, which takes me round the bay. It is longer, and very bad, but by all accounts very wild and beautiful. I shall cross rivers and lakes of which one has no idea in England. I go down one river called Shubennacadie for thirty miles, which they tell me is so full of fish that you kill them with sticks. They say the banks of it are beautiful—all the finest wood and pasture, but quite in a state of nature. By all I hear, this will be a journey after my own heart. I long to hear from you. I love G * * more than ever.

I hope my journey will do me good: one thing I am glad to find is, that I am likely to have a separate command, which will give me a good deal to do. Good bye again. God bless you a thousand times.

Yours, &c."

This journey to St. John's appears to have been all that he anticipated; and the quiet and affecting picture of an evening in the woods, detailed with such natural eloquence in the following letter, affords one of those instances where a writer may be said to be a poet without knowing it;—his very unconsciousness of the effect he is producing being, in itself, a charm which no art or premeditation could expect to reach.

"St. John's, New Brunswick, July 18th.

My dearest Mother—Here I am, after a very long and fatiguing journey. I had no idea of what it was: it was more like a campaign than any thing else, except in one material point, that of having no danger. I should have enjoyed it most completely but for the musquitos, but they took off a great deal of my pleasure: the millions of them are dreadful. If it had not been for this inconvenience, my journey would have been delightful. The country is almost all in a state of nature, as well as its inhabitants. There are four sorts of these: the Indians, the French, the old English settlers, and now the refugees from the other parts of America: the last seem the most civilized.

The old settlers are almost as wild as Indians, and lead a very comfortable life; they are all farmers, and live entirely within themselves. They supply all their own wants by their contrivances, so that they seldom buy any thing. They ought to be the happiest people in the world, but they do not seem to know it.—They imagine themselves poor because they have no money, without considering they do not want it: every thing is done by barter, and you will often find a farmer well supplied with every thing, and yet not have a shilling in money. Any man that will work is sure in a few years to have a comfortable farm: the first eighteen months is the only hard time, and that in most places is avoided, particularly near the rivers, for in every one of them a man will catch in a day enough to feed him for the year. In the winter, with very little trouble, he supplies himself with meat by killing moose deer; and in summer with pigeons, of which the woods are full. These he must subsist on till he has cleared ground enough to raise a little grain, which a hard-working man will do in the course of a few months. By selling his moose skins, making sugar out of the maple tree, and by a few days' work for other people, for which he gets great wages, he soon acquires enough to purchase a cow. This, then, sets him up, and he is sure, in a few years, to have a comfortable supply of every necessary of life. I came through a whole tract of country peopled by Irish who came out not worth a shilling, and have all now farms, worth (according to the value of money in this country) from £1000 to £3000.

The equality of every body and of their manner of life I like very much. There are no gentlemen every body is on a footing, provided he works and wants nothing; every man is exactly what he can make himself, or *has* made himself by industry. The more children a man has the better: his wife being brought to bed is as joyful news as his cow calving: the father has no uneasiness about providing for them, as this is done by the profit of their work. By the time they are fit to settle, he can always afford them two oxen, a cow, a gun, and an axe, and in a few years, if they work, they will thrive.

I came by a settlement along one of the rivers which was all the work of one pair; the old man was seventy-two, the old lady seventy; they had been there thirty years: they came there with one cow three children, and one servant; there was not a living being within sixty miles of them. The first year they lived mostly on milk and marsh leaves; the second year they contrived to purchase a bull, by the produce of their moose skins and fish: from this time they got on very well; and there are now five sons and a daughter all settled in different farms along the river for the space of twenty miles, and all living comfortably and at ease. The old pair live alone in the little log cabin they first settled in, two miles from any of their children; their little spot of ground is cultivated by these children, and they are supplied with so much butter, grain, meat, &c from each child, according to the share he got of the land; so that the old folks have nothing to do but to mind their house which is a kind of inn they keep, more for the sake of the company of the few travellers there are than for gain.

I was obliged to stay a day with the old people on account of the tides, which did not answer for going up the river till next morning; it was, I think, as odd and as pleasant a day (in its way) as ever I passed. I wish I could describe it to you, but I cannot, you must only help it out with your own imagination.—Conceive, dearest mother, arriving about twelve o'clock in a hot day at a little cabin upon the side of a rapid river, the banks all covered with woods, not a house in sight—and there finding a little old clean tidy woman spinning, with an old man of the same appearance weeding sallad. We had come for ten miles up the river without seeing any thing but woods. The old pair, on our arrival, got as active as if only five-and-twenty, the gentleman getting wood and water, the lady frying bacon and eggs, both talking a good deal telling their story, as I mentioned before, how they had been there thirty years, and how their children were settled, and when either's back was turned remarking how old the other had grown; at the same time all kindness, cheerfulness, and love to each other.

The contrast of all this which had passed during the day, with the quietness of the evening, when the spirits of the old people had a little subsided, and began to wear off with the day, and with the fatigue of their little work,—sitting quietly at the door, on the same spot they had lived in thirty years together, the contented thoughtfulness of their countenances, which was increased by their age and the solitary life they had led, the wild quietness of the place, not a living creature or habitation to be seen, and me, Tony, and our guide sitting with them, all on one log; the difference of the scene I had left,—the immense way I had to get from this corner of the world, to see any thing I loved,—the difference of the life I should lead from that of this old pair, perhaps at their age discontented, disappointed, and miserable, wishing for power, &c. &c.—my dearest mother, if it was not for you, I believe I never should go home, at least I thought so at that moment.

However, here I am now with my regiment, up at six in the morning doing all sorts of right things, and liking it very much, determined to go home next spring, and live with you a great deal. Employment keeps up my spirits, and I shall have more every day. I own I often think how happy I could be with G . . in some of the spots I see; and envied every young farmer I met, whom I saw sitting down with a young wife whom he was going to work to maintain. I believe these thoughts made my journey pleasanter than it otherwise would have been; but I don't give way to them here. Dearest mother, I sometimes hope it will end well,—but shall not think any more of it till I hear from England. Tell Ogilvie I am obliged sometimes to say to myself, 'Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin,' when I find things disagreeable; but, on the whole, I do not repent coming; he won't believe me I know. He would be in a fine passion when he finds I should have been lieutenant-colonel for the regulated price, if I had stayed in the 60th; however, as fate seems to destine me for a major, I am determined to remain so and not purchase. Give my love to him: I wish I could give him some of the wood here for Kilrush."

JULIA BRACE,

The Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Girl.

"By far the most interesting subject at present in the Hartford Asylum, is the poor *deaf, dumb and blind girl*, whose situation has been described in so beautiful and affecting a manner by Mrs. Sigourney. A charity box, the proceeds of which are designed exclusively for her support, is placed at the main entrance, which it is certain no stranger can pass.

after viewing the utter desolation in which she has been left by nature, without dropping his mite. Her name is Julia Brace, and she is a native of the immediate neighborhood of the asylum. She is the only instance of so great a misfortune, of which any record is extant, except one European boy, by the name of James Mitchell. He was so irritable, that few experiments could be tried for his benefit; but Julia Brace, it is said, has been mild and docile from her childhood; although when I saw her, from some temporary vexation or indisposition, she was evidently somewhat out of temper. She was seated at a table, her needle work in her lap. "There is nothing disagreeable in her countenance, but her eyes, forever closed, create a deficiency of expression. Her complexion is fair, her smile gentle and sweet, though of rare occurrence; and her person somewhat bent, when sitting, from her habits of fixed attention to her work. Many strangers have waited a long time to see her thread her needle, which is quite a mysterious process, and never accomplished without the aid of the tongue."

She was the daughter of exceedingly poor parents, who had several younger children, to whom she was in a habit of showing such offices of kindness as her own afflicted state admitted. Notwithstanding her blindness, she early evinced a close observation with regard to articles of dress, prefering among those which were presented her as gifts, such as were of the finest texture. When the weather became cold, she would occasionally kneel on the floor of their humble dwelling, to feel whether the other children of the family were furnished with shoes and stockings, while she was without, and would express uneasiness at the contrast.

Seated on her little block, weaving strips of thin bark with pieces of leather and thread, which her father in his processes of making shoes rejected, she amused herself with constructing for her cat bonnets and vandykes, not wholly discordant with the principles of taste. Notwithstanding her peculiar helplessness, she was occasionally left with the care of the young children, while her mother went out to the occupation of washing. It was on such occasions, that little Julia evinced not only a maternal solicitude, but a skill in domestic legislation, which could not have been rationally expected. One one occasion she discovered that her sister had broken a piece of crockery, and imitating what she supposed would be the discipline of her mother, gave the offender a blow. But placing her hand upon the eyes of the little girl, and ascertaining that she wept, she immediately took her in her arms, and with the most persevering tenderness, soothed her into good humor and confidence. Her parents were at length relieved from the burden of her maintenance, by some charitable individuals, who paid the expenses of her board with an elderly matron, who kept a school for small children. Here her sagacity was continually on the stretch to comprehend the nature of their employment, and as far as possible to imitate them. Observing that a great part of their time was occupied with books, she often held one before her sightless eyes with long patience. She would also spread a newspaper for her favorite kitten, and putting her finger in its mouth, and perceiving that it did not move like those of the scholars when reading, would shake the animal to express displeasure at its indolence and obstinacy. These circumstances, though trifling in themselves, reveal a mind active amid all the obstacles which nature had interposed. But her principal solace was in the employments of needle work and knitting, which she had learned at at early age to practice. She would thus sit absorbed for hours, until it became necessary to urge her to that exercise which is requisite to health. Counterpanes beautifully made by her, of small pieces of calico, were repeatedly disposed of, to aid in the purchase of her wardrobe. And small portions of her work were sent by her benefactors as presents into various parts of the Union, to shew of what neatness of execution a blind girl was capable.

It was occasionally the practice of gentlemen who from pity or curiosity visited her, to make trial of her sagacity, by giving her their watches and employing her to restore them to the right owner.

They would change their position with regard to her, and each strive to take the watch which did not belong to him; but though she might at the same time hold two or three, neither stratagem nor persuasion would induce her to yield either of them, except to the person from whom she had received it. There seemed to be a *principle* in the tenacity with which she adhered to this system to give every one his own, which may probably be resolved into that moral honesty which has ever formed a conspicuous part of her character. Though nurtured in extreme poverty and after her removal from the parental roof, in the constant habit of being in contact with articles of dress or food, which strongly tempted her desires, she has never been known to appropriate to herself, without permission, the most trifling object. In a well educated child this would be no remarkable virtue; but in one who has had no moral training to teach her to respect the right of property, and whose perfect blindness must often render it difficult even to define them, the incorruptible firmness of this innate principle is truly laudable. There is also connected with it a delicacy of feeling or scrupulousness of conscience, which renders it necessary in presenting her any gift, to assure her repeatedly by a sign which she understands, that it is for her, ere she will consent to accept it.

Continuing to become an object of increased attention, and her more remote situation not being convenient for the access of strangers, application was made for her admission into the asylum, and permission was granted by the Directors in the summer of 1825. After her reception into that peaceful refuge, some attempts were made by a benevolent instructor to teach her the alphabet, by means of letters both raised above and indented beneath a smooth surface. But it was in vain that she punctually repaired to the school room, and daily devoted hour after hour to copying their forms with pins upon a cushion. However accurate her delineations sometimes were, they conveyed no idea to the mind sitting in darkness. It was therefore deemed wiser to confine her attention to those few attainments, which were within her sphere, than to open a warfare with Nature in those avenues which she had so decidedly sealed.

It has been observed of persons who are deprived of a particular sense, that additional quickness or vigor is bestowed on those which remain. Thus blind persons are often distinguished by particular exquisiteness of touch, and the deaf and dumb, who gain all their knowledge through the eye, concentrate, as it were, their whole soul in that channel of observation. With her, whose eye, ear and tongue are alike dead, the capabilities both of *touch and smell* are exceedingly heightened. Especially the latter seems almost to have acquired the properties of a new sense, and to transcend even the sagacity of a spaniel. Yet keeping in view all the aid which these ilmited faculties have, the power of imparting some of the discoveries and exercises of her intellect are still, in a measure, unaccountable.

As the abodes which from her earliest recollection she had inhabited, were circumscribed and humble, it was supposed that at her first reception into the Asylum she would testify surprize at the comparative spaciousness of the mansion. But she immediately busied herself in quietly exploring the size of the apartments, and the heighth of the staircases; she even knelt, and smelled to the thresholds: and now as if by the union of a mysterious geometry with a powerful memory, never makes a false step upon a flight of stairs, or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table.

Among her various excellencies, neatness, and love of order are conspicuous. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged, and it is impossible to displace a single article in her drawers without her perceiving and restoring it. When the large baskets of clean linen are weekly brought from the laundress, she selects her own garments without hesitation, however widely they may be dispersed among the mass. If any part of her dress requires mending, she is prompt and skilful in repairing it, and her perseverance in this branch of economy greatly diminishes the expense of her clothing.

Since her residence at the asylum, the donations of charitable visitants have been considerable in amount. These are deposited in a box with an inscription, and she has been made to understand that the contents are devoted to her benefit. This box she frequently poises in her hand, and expresses pleasure when it testifies an increase of weight; for she has long since ascertained that money is the medium for the supply of her wants, and attaches to it a proportionable value.

Though her habits are peculiarly regular and consistent, yet occasionally some action occurs which it is difficult to explain. One morning, during the past summer, while employed with her needle, she found herself incommoded by the warmth of the sun. She arose, opened the window, closed the blind, and again resumed her work.

At the tea table with the whole family, on her sending a cup to be replenished, one was accidentally returned to her which had been used by another person. This she perceived at the moment of taking it into her hand, and pushed it from her with some slight appearance of disgust, as if her sense of propriety had not been regarded. There was not the slightest difference in the cups, and in this instance she seems endowed with a degree of penetration not possessed by those in the full enjoyment of sight.

Persons most intimately acquainted with her habits assert that she constantly regards the recurrence of the Sabbath, and composes herself to unusual quietness, as if in meditation. Her needlework, from which she will not be debarred on other days, she never attempts to resort to; and this wholly without influence from those around her.

Julia Brace leads a life of perfect contentment—and is in this respect, both an example and reproof to those who for trifling inconveniencies indulge in repining, though surrounded by all the gifts of nature and of fortune.

The genial influences of spring wake her lone heart to gladness,—and she gathers the first flowers, and even the young blades of grass, and inhales their freshness with a delight bordering on transport. Sometimes, when apparently in deep thought, she is observed to burst into laughter, as if her associations of ideas were favorable not only to cheerfulness but to mirth. The society of her female companions at the Asylum is soothing to her feelings; and their habitual kind offices, the guiding of their arm in her walks, or the affectionate pressure of their hand, awaken in her demonstrations of gratitude and friendship. Not long since, one of the pupils was sick—but it was not supposed that amid the multitude who surrounded her, the blind girl was conscious of the absence of a single individual. A physician was called, and the superintendent of the female department, who has acquired great penetration into the idioms of Julia's character and her modes of communication, made her understand his profession by pressing a finger on her pulse. She immediately arose, and taking his hand, led him with urgent solicitude of friendship to the side of the invalid, and placing his hand upon her pulse, displayed an affecting confidence in his powers of healing. As she has herself never been sick since early childhood, it is the more surprizing that she should so readily comprehend the efficacy and benevolence of the medical profession. It would be easy to relate other remarkable circumstances respecting her, but it is not desirable that this article should be so far extended as to fatigue the reader.—*Nat. Gaz.*

"She is the daughter of John and Rachael Brace, natives of Hartford, and was born in that town, June 13, 1807. At *four years of age* she was seized with the typhus fever, while on a visit at Glastenbury, a few miles from Hartford. She was taken sick on Monday evening, November 29, 1811, and on the Saturday morning following, she became *blind* and *deaf*. She remained dangerously ill for fowr or five weeks, and did not return to her mother's house until the next January. During the following summer, she was again twice sick; but the next winter her health became established, and has continued excellent ever since.

Before her illness, she had not only learned to speak, but to repeat her letters, and to spell words of three or four syllables; and for some time after the loss of her sight and hearing she was fond of taking a book and spelling words, and the names of her acquaintances. She retained her speech pretty well for about a year; but gradually lost it, and seems now condemned to perpetual silence. For three years she could still utter a few words. One of the last of these was '*mother*.'

Julia was, at first, unconscious of her misfortune. She seemed to imagine, that *a long night* had come upon the world, and often said: 'it will *never be day*.' She would call upon the family to '*light a lamp*,' and was impatient at their seeming neglect, even to give her an answer. At length in passing a window, she felt the sun shining warm upon her hand: she immediately held out her hand, and pointed with delight to indicate that the *sun shone*. From the January after her illness, until the following August, she would sleep during the day and be awake through the night, and it was not until autumn, by taking great pains to keep her awake during the day, that she was set right. She is now as regular in this respect as other persons. From the period of her recovery, she seemed to perceive the return of the Sabbath; and on Sunday morning, would get her own clean clothes, and those of the other children. If her mother was reading, she would find a book, and endeavour to do so. The intervention of a day of fasting or thanksgiving, will confuse her reckoning even now; and some time elapses before she 'gets right.'

Unable as she was, to lift, or penetrate the veil of *darkness* and *silence* which separated her from the world, the privations she endured, without any consciousness of the cause, might, very naturally, appear to her like a cruel punishment, which those around her were inflicting. It was probably from some feeling like this, that during the first week after her recovery, she seemed irritable almost to *madness*, would exhibit the most violent passion, and use the most profane language. The next summer, she became calmer; and her mother could govern her to some extent by shaking her, and stamping on the floor in sign of disapprobation, and stroking or patting her hand, when she conducted well. She is now habitually mild and obedient, and affectionate.

During the first summer after her illness, she was very unwilling to wear clothes, and would pull them off violently. At length her mother took one of her frocks, and tried it on her sister, with a view of altering it for her. Julia had always been remarkable for her sense of justice in regard to *property*. This seemed to be awakened, and she took the frock and put it on herself. After this she was willing to wear clothes, and even cried for *new ones*. She has ever since been fond of dress. At nine years of age she was taught to sew, and since that time has learned to knit."—*Education Reporter.*

FREDERICK, Md. Oct. 19.

A friend, upon whose accuracy and veracity we have the most perfect reliance, vouches for the truth of the following:

THE DEVIL WITH TWO TAILS.

We have all heard of *Le Diable Boiteaux*, but it was reserved to this age, and to the city of Frederick, to discover the Devil with two tails. On Thursday night last, a caravan of wild beasts arrived in this place, and put up at one of the hotels. Among them there chanced to be a huge elephant, which, being too large to enter any ordinary stable, it was found necessary to accomodate in a large and close carriage-house. This, it seems, had been previously taken possession of as a lodging for the night, by a hale two-fisted negro from the mountain, who was employed in hauling timber to the rail-road, and who had never seen, or perhaps heard of, an elephant before in his life. He was fast asleep when his roommate was ushered in, and did not awake until, as was his custom, at the first dawn of the morning. Hearing a rustling in the straw, he turned and looked, and rubbed his eyes and looked again, until the pupils dilated almost to bursting—

"Hence, horrible shadow, unreal mockery, hence!"

What could it be! The devil to a certainty! The huge mass moved and approached him, when lo! a tail at both ends put all doubts to flight, and revealed his Satanic majesty in all the terrors of his reputed attributes. With one despairing spasmodic leap, the affrighted wagoner rushed against the door—it was locked—and there was no other possible way of escape. He screamed for help; he groaned in agony.—Worse than that of Sancho in the pit, was the predicament of the miserable African—for no kind master was within hearing to afford him protection. The "Devil with two tails" stood over him, and wrapped his soft and flexible *fore* tail around his neck, and whisked it in his face—and then "he grinned horribly a ghastly smile." In vain he besought him to have mercy—to spare him yet a litttle longer. The Devil with two tails heeded not his supplications—but kept smelling him, and brandishing his tail, which he now extended and now contracted, until, in the imagination of the negro, there was nothing so distant or so near as to be secure from it. The louder he screamed the more the devil felt him. Shrunk up within the least possible dimensions in a corner of the room, he awaited, in a state of alarm, bordering on distraction, the issue of this horrible adventure. The keepers of his tormentor at length came to his relief and released him from the jaws of the enemy. After his liberation, he had a severe chill of several hours duration, accompanied by a transient derangement. Having now recovered not only his health but his courage, he swears "by ginny he was not so much skeered at his bigness—but that tarnal tail at each eend!"

Quere—Does not Sambo deserve the premium offered for the best original *tail? Polit. Exam.*

Tables turned. A wag some time since, in ridiculing the "March of improvement," represented a mastiff as threatening his keeper with a habeas corpus, and a coach horse declaring he would apply to Parliament for an enforcement of the bill of rights; but we doubt whether the satirist had any idea that his predictions would be so soon verified, and that horses would compel their keepers to bring carriges for them to ride in, as was lately the case at the Lehigh coal-works in this state. It is known that at these works, there is an inclined plane rail way, between 8 and 10 miles long, and that horses or mules haul up the empty coal wagons and ride down with the loaded ones. The acting manager in his late report states that so strong is the attachment of the animals thus employed, to this riding down hill, that in one instance they were sent up with the coal-wagons, without the mule-wagons; but true to their rights and privileges, they refused to walk down, and the hands could not drive them down, but were under the necessity of drawing up the carriges for the four-legged gentry to ride in; thus exhibiting the singular spectacle of a team of horses amusing themselves whilst their drivers went eight miles and a half for carriages for them. So much for the force of education. *Evening Gazette.*

London Seducers to Crime.—Mr. E. G. Wakefield has lately been released from Newgate, after an imprisonment of three years, and has during the time written a small work of facts and remarks relating to crime and punishment in the British Metropolis. His book is said to be well worthy of attention. [We furnished our readers with a few extracts last week. *Ed. Const.*] He says:

"I have had the opportunity of strictly examining more than a hundred thieves between eight and fourteen years of age, as to the immediate cause of their becoming thieves; and in nineteen cases out of twenty it appeared that the boy had not committed his first crime spontaneously, but had been persuaded to commence the career of thieving by persons whose business is to practice this kind of seduction."

We have not, that we are aware, any regular thief merchants in this country, and we hope the time is far distant when we shall have that state of things. If there be any thing truly diabolical on earth, and which merits the heaviest punishment, human and divine, it must be that of initiating the young into the practice of crime and vice.—*Salem Observer.*

LAW.—*Public Bridges.*—A Hartford Conn. paper of 10th inst. thus reports a case tried before the Superior Court, Judge Daggett presiding, in session in that city. "Henry Ibbotson vs. the Town of East Windsor." This was an action brought on a statute law of this State to recover damages against the town of East Windsor for an injury sustained by a defective bridge. It appeared in evidence that the plaintiff was traveling in the stage coach with sundry other passengers, from Springfield to this city, in the month of May, 1830—that in crossing over Scantic river the bridge gave way and precipitated the stage and two wheel horses, with the driver and passengers into the stream, a distance of about twenty feet—the plaintiff was considerably bruised, and detained, in consequence of the injury, about fifteen days. It further appeared in evidence that the bridge was of wood and had been built about twelve years—had by many of the witnesses been deemed unsafe for two years, and that the selectmen of tho town had been frequently advised of its defects and of the necessity of erecting a new one. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of Five Hundred Dollars.

MARRIED,

On the 23d inst. James B. Cisco, to Louisa, daughter of Chas. F. Kelly.

On the 24th, Edward Cooper, to Miss Susannah M Vredenburgh, both of this city.

At Sawpitts, N. Y. Joseph B. Husted, of this city, to Miss Jeanette Mosemau, of the former place.

At Worcester, G. W. Tyler, of Millbury, to Miss Clarissa Patch.

At Campton, N H. Daniel C. James, to Miss Eliza, daughter of Samuel Holmes, Esq.

At Hartford, Wm. Wescott, to Miss Harriet Wilson

At Wethersfield, Jabez Dickinson, to Miss Laura Stillman.

At Williamsburg, Rev. Wm. C. Greenleaf, of Andover, to Miss Clara P. daughter of Moses Greenleaf, Esq.

At Utica, Nathan Jenkins, of Ohio, to Catharine, daughter of Judge Oxton, of Winfield, N. Y.

DIED,

On the 25th, Christiana, consort of Henry H. Hoffman, aged 24 years.

On the 25th Hannah C. wife of Jacob H Wyckoff, aged [illegible] years.

On the 25th, Joseph Humphrey, 46.

At Hyde Park, Miss Susan Mary Bard, daughter of the late John Bard.

At Jamaica, L. I. John Wyckoff, 72.

At Springfield, Mass. Mr. Willard Cousman, [illegible]

At Hartford, Mrs. Elizabeth Wadsworth, 44, wife of Wm. Wadsworth.

At Belleville, U. C. Mrs. Betsy Case, wife of Rev. William Case, general superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.

At Bradstreet, Mr. David C. Carsley, 27

At Clarksville, Tenn. Mr. Samuel Bowser.

At Selma, Mr. Thomas H. F[illegible].

M'LAURIN'S WRITING SCHOOL.

IS now open for the season, at No. 12 John street, adjoining the arcade. Young Gentlemen disposed to go through a thorough course of practice to prepare them for the business of the Counting House are respectfully invited to apply as above.

W. S. McLAURIN, Writing Master.

PENMANSHIP.

The undersigned have known Mr. McLaurin for several years as an able, attentive, and highly successful teacher of Penmanship. During his twelve years residence in this City, he has devoted himself to teaching all the varieties of hand-writing which are useful and necessary to business men, and hundreds of our first young merchants have borne testimony to his ability. Penmanship having been of late years the subject of much quackery, the undersigned take pleasure in recommending to strangers a regular and thorough-bred practitioner in the art. To his fellow citizens Mr. McLaurin is so well known that he needs not our recommendation. (Signed)

[illegible] Haggerty, Austen & Co, Hubert Van Wagenen, Jacob Lorillard, P. & J. Becar, James G. Brooks, John D. Ogilby, William Waterton, Francis R. Tillou, S. McAuley, M.D., P. Dykers, M.D., A. Mills, Archibald McLay, Foster & Giraud, L. Meyers, M. M. Noah, D. P. Bacon, J. C. Lawrence, James L. Graham, A. Brockham, M.D., R. H. McLay, M. D, N. Heath.

New-York, October 26, 1831.

UNPARALLELED FOR SWEETNESS OF TONE

The nymph who wakes the dulcet wire,
Will think she hears an angel's lyre.

JUST OPENED, and ready for inspection, at the "Franklin Music Saloon," No. 1, Franklin Music Saloon, (late Franklin Bank,) the most splendid assortment of Spanish Guitars ever ever presented to the American public. See them, touch them, and be convinced. Violin Strings. Just received from Naples, one thousand bundles of superior Italian Violin Strings well assorted. Just published, Perspective Lessons for the Spanish Guitar. Apply, as above, to

FIRTH & HALL.

SAMUEL MAVERICK, ENGRAVER AND COPPER-PLATE PRINTER, 85 LIBERTY-STREET,

LITHOGRAPHY.

HISTORICAL and Fancy subjects, Portraits, (from the life, or copied from paintings, prints or drawings) Landscapes, Views, Vignettes, Maps, Address and Visiting Cards, Commercial and Miscellaneous Blanks, Circulars, Fac Similes and every description of Lithographic Drawing and Printing executed with correctness and despatch by

BISBEE, Lithographer, 141 Nassau st.

A first rate Printer wanted; also, a boy, about 15 years of age, as an Apprentice. Nov 5

DANIEL KLAUBERG, No. 84 Maiden Lane, New-York, makes all kinds of Surgical and other instruments, warranted equal to any imported. He also makes Razors, Pen-Knives, and Blades, Tailors' Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, warranted to give satisfaction. He sharpens all kinds of Edge Tools, with a new Machine, in a very superior manner, and Polishes Steel equal to any done in Europe. Instruments, Razors, &c. &c. brought to a fine edge, in a manner not equalled by any other person in this city. Also imports all kinds of Cutlery, Swords, and Sword Blades for Canes, Blades for Dirks, Book Binders' Shears, Tailors' Shears of all kinds, Scissors, Razors, Penknives, Table Knives and Forks, &c. &c. &c.

WILLIAMSON'S EXCHANGE, *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*—This new, splendid and extensive Hotel, believed to be one of the best in the United States, is now open for the accommodation of the public. Situation convenient and pleasant, at the corner of Penn and St. Clair streets. Charges the same as other respectable Hotels. *May 1, 1831.*

A NEW Cement for filling decayed teeth, just ready for delivery at the German Drug and Chemical store of LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER.

CITY HOTEL, *Nashville, Tennessee.*—This extensive and elegant establishment is rebuilt; and again opened by *March, 1831.* JAMES EDMONDSON.

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE!

Economy and Luxury Combined in Johnson's Patent

SOFA BEDSTEAD.

THE Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself; with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four-post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on the sacking. To private gentlemen, or families boarding, they save the expense of an extra room. To invalids, and those who would enjoy the luxury of sleeping by a parlour fire, to boarding house keepers, to masters of vessels, to the owners of counting-rooms, &c. they are perfectly invaluable. The extraordinary demand for the Patent Sofa Bedstead is the best criterion of its utility. Upwards of Five hundred of them have been manufactured by the Patentee within a short period, their value at a fair estimate, being twenty-five Thousand Dollars. These Bedsteads are adapted to any climate, and may be transported at a trifling expense. The Proprietor warrants the Sofa Bedstead to fully answer the description which has been given of its merits; and, from his long experience in this particular line of business, all attempts at imitation on the part of pretenders, may be regarded as impositions, and, as such, ought to be guarded against by the community.

N. B. The Patentee now offers for sale Patent Rights to applicants in any part of the U. S. The subscriber has constantly on hand, at his Ware Room and Factory, 188 Grand-street, an assortment of the article, where he will be happy to see all those who take an interest in inventions calculated to promote comfort and economy. *CHESTER JOHNSON*

WANTED—In the neighbourhood of Maiden-lane, for a small family, where there are no children, three or four rooms, or a part of a house, from 1st October to 1st May. The rent must be moderate. Address J. M., at the office of the Constellation.

THE GLOBE HOTEL.—At *Augusta, Geo.* situated on the corner of Broad and Jackson-streets, next the Masonic Hall, and under the superintendence of *Wm. Shannon*—is fitted up in a superior style of accommodation, and provided with whatever is demanded for the comfort and enjoyment of its visitors.—His long experience in the business, the advantages of his location, and the ample preparation made for the convenience of his guests, enable the proprietor to offer accommodations unsurpassed in the Southern States. *Jan. 1.*

ST. JOHN'S HOTEL *and Stage House.*—*Wm. Watson* returns his unfeigned thanks to his numerous friends and customers for the very liberal support which they have extended to him, at this long established and well known Hotel. He takes this method of soliciting a continuance of the same distinguished patronage, and begs to assure all who may favour him by their visits, that his utmost exertions will be exercised to promote their comfort. Having made extensive additions to his Hotel, he is enabled to meet the wishes of a greater number of visitors than formerly, with very superior accommodations. He begs to state that his Table will be constantly supplied with the best that the market affords, and his Wines and Liquors will be of the first quality. He hopes, therefore, that from his long experience in the business, combined with his personal attention and unceasing exertions, he will be enabled to give general satisfaction to all who may favour him by visiting his Hotel. *St. John's, L. C. June 1831.*

WASHINGTON INSTITUTE.—This establishment, originally founded by *Mr. George W. Hall*, is now under the sole direction of the subscriber, by whom it has been conducted for more than two years past. It is situated in Thirteenth street, near the Third Avenue, two miles from the City Hall.

The site is elevated and agreeable, and combines the advantages of proximity to the city, with the pure air and healthfulness of the country. The domestic arrangements and modes of instruction, are adapted to pupils of an early age; and are, at the same time, so extensive as to afford to youth every facility for becoming properly qualified for professional or commercial pursuits. Able and experienced teachers are provided in the several departments, who, with the Principal and his family, constantly and familiarly associate with the pupils;—and the system of instruction comprehends the most valuable modern improvements in education. JOSEPH D. WICKHAM.

*** Parents and Guardians who may not have the opportunity of making direct enquiry in relation to the establishment, may acquire all desirable information by communicating with Messrs. John G. Coster, Jonathan Goodhue, Samuel Whittemore, F. De Peyster, George Douglass, Lockwood Deforest, George P. Shipman, or others, whose sons are members of the Institute.

New York, June, 1831.

NEW YORK PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL PRESS, established in 1828, for the publication and sale of Religious Books, Tracts, &c. for the use of Protestant Episcopalians.

Stock Publications.—Bibles of all sizes; Testaments, Prayer Books, of all sizes and bindings; Episcopal Tracts, and Sunday School Books, (of instruction and for libraries;) and a variety of Episcopal Devotional Books; The Churchman's Almanac for 1832, just published, adorned with a cut of the Gen. Theological Seminary, at New York—$4 per 100.

Miscellaneous Publications.—Life of Bishop Heber in 2v. 8vo with a portrait; Works of Bishop Ravenscroft, late Diocesan of N. Carolina, 2 vols. 8vo., with a portrait and memoir; Works on Episcopacy, (Bowden, Cooke, &c.) 2 vols. 12mo. A Practical Exposition of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark, in the form of Lectures, by Bishop J. B. Sumner, of Chester, Eng.—400 pages 12mo. price 88 cents. In press, Bishop Jebb's Protestant Kempis; and The Communicant's Companion.

Periodical Publications.—A series of standard English and American Works in Divinity, 12mo. 4 vols. annually, at $3 per ann. in advance; The Churchman, (religious newspaper) folio weekly, $4 per annum in advance—Rev. W. R. Whittingham and Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Editors; The Family Visiter & Sunday School Magazine, (rel. newspaper) cap. 4to. weekly, $1 per ann—edited by the same; The Children's Magazine, (religious) with cuts and covers, 24 pages 12mo. monthly, at 25 cents per annum—edited by the same.

The Bishop of New York, ex-off. President of the Board of Trustees; Rev. J. V. Van Ingen, Agent—Depository, No. 44 Lumber street. *June 1.*

E. GIDNEY, *Dentist*, having occasion to visit Europe, feels a pleasure in recommending to his friends and patrons, as his successor, Mr. *J. A. Pleasants*. From the advantages of having been the assistant of Mr. Eleazor Parmly, and the favourable recommendations of that gentleman, I speak with the greatest confidence of his qualifications as a Dentist. E. GIDNEY.

Mr. Pleasants continues in the same rooms, No. 22 Park Place.

SYLVESTER 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Extra Class No. 31 for 1831, drawn Nov. 2:—26 52 23 34 35 54 16 30.

It is an absolute fact, and can be proven by the Managers, that I did sell in the above lottery *ten* capital prizes. Thus it will be seen Sylvester still may retain the title of "ever and always lucky Sylvester." Remember, Sylvester never claims prizes unless sold by him—and has no connexion with any other office in New York.

N. B. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Nov. 9—Extra 32, 3 of $10,000 ....$5

Nov. 16—Grand scheme—all prizes, no blanks—$40,000, 10,000, 5,000, &c. Packages of wholes cost $200, and must draw $115; packages of halves, quarters, and eighths in proportion. One drawn number, $10; no number, or blank, $4 ....$10

My distant patrons will please notice that the next two good schemes will be drawn on the 14th December and 11th January. I thus early give notice, to prevent disappointment, and to give time for all to write.

Dec. 14—Reg Class 12, $40,000, 20,000, 10,000—66 numbers, 10 drawn $10

Jan. 11—Reg. Class 13, $30,000, 10,000, 4,000—48 numbers, 7 drawn $10

Both the above are good for packages.

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

N. B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current," (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

☞ Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N. York.

Reference: Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. *Oct. 29.*

Albany, Sept. 1, 1831. }
State of New York, Secretary's Office. }

SIR—I hereby give you notice, that at the next General Election, which is to be holden on the first Monday of November next, and the two succeeding days, a Senator is to be chosen in the place of John I. Schenck, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. If there are any vacancies in the offices of Sheriff or Clerk, proper to be supplied at the General Election, the Inspectors will give notice accordingly.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

The Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

—— ——

The above is a copy of a notice received from the Secretary of State. JAMES SHAW, Sheriff City and County of New York.

*** All the newspapers in the County will publish the above once in each week until the election, and send in their bills immediately thereafter to the Sheriff's Office. *Sept. 17.*

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Picton Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1 5th ton); Picton Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do, screenings, $7 per do; Picton Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke, $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 307 Washington street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad-st.

O. RAMSDELL'S SPECIFIC, for the cure of *Hernia or Rupture*, the first and only remedy yet discovered.

The high reputation that O. Ramsdell's specific has gained for the cure of Hernia or Rupture, renders it unnecessary to say much in recommending it to the public, as no stronger proof of its possessing uncommon medicinal efficacy could be given than will be found in the certificates accompanying each bottle, given by men of the first respectability, who have used the medicine.

Cases of long standing, and Hernia of all descriptions, Inguinal, Scrotal, Umbilical, &c. &c. are cured by the use of this invaluable medicine. Sold wholesale and retail, by the proprietor's sole Agent, NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr.,

oct. 1. No. 38 Cedar, corner of William-st.

PEACH ORCHARD COAL.

THE subscribers have now in Yard a large supply of this superior fuel received direct from the mines of the *North American Coal Company* which they recommend to the public generally as unsurpassed by any other anthracite that has yet been discovered—They believe upon trial that it will be found to answer *for domestic* purposes much better than the article usually brought to this market and that it can be consumed in a *Liverpool Grate* without the least alteration of the same, as it unites the desired qualities of being easily ignited with those of durability and continued brightness in burning—orders received at the office 157 Broadway or at either of the yards 36 and 274 Washington streets.

H. & A. STOKES.

BEAR'S GREASE.—The superior qualities of this article are generally known, and the only enquiry is, whether it is genuine. The subscriber offers for sale wholesale and retail an article obtained from two tame Bears, of Mr. Wright, of Delhi, which he warrants to be the *real* article. L. S. COMSTOCK,

oct. 19. 20 Fulton, and 56 Division-st.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm streets.

sep. 28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

COMPOUND CHLORINE WASH, for cleansing and whitening the teeth, preserving the gums, removing taste from the mouth, and rendering the breath sweet and pleasant—sold by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, jr.

oct 8 Agent for the proprietor, 38 Cedar c. William st.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. FRAZEE gives notice to his friends and the public generally that he has recently taken into copartnership with him Mr. Robert Launitz, of Rome, Sculptor, and late pupil of Thorwaldsen, and that the establishment of sculpture, and monumental art in Broadway will in future be conducted under the name of *Frazee & Launitz*.

It is confidently hoped that so important an acquisition of talent to this establishment will not only prove highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the artists thus mutually united, but that a discerning public will also duly appreciate its certain and anticipated benefits; it being the ostensible object of the partnership to enlarge and improve the department of monumental sculpture and statuary, and, by the union of genius and talent, render their works in every respect worthy the highest patronage of the country. Oct 22

PRINTING INK. The subscriber, who is a practical printer, has been, for the last fifteen years engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, and he flatters himself has given his customers general satisfaction. He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his typographical brethren. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the United States, of unchangeable color, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for its manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favourable terms.

Ink of various fancy colors, viz. red, blue, green, &c. made to order. GEORGE MATHER,

Oct 22 111 Prince street.

POCKET-BOOK, WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Pocket Books, Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

WANTED. 20 or 30 young ladies who perfectly understand the making of all kinds of caps.

Apply at L. MORANGE & DAVIS.
October 12th. 1831 105 William Street.

PEACH-ORCHARD COAL,

From "Spohn's Mine."

THE SUBSCRIBERS are now landing, and constantly receiving, cargoes of the above Coal, so celebrated for the ease with which it ignites, its cleanliness and brilliancy in burning, and the length of time which it will burn. Apply at either of the offices, c. Murray and Washington, and c. Canal and Elm-streets.

S. B. REEVE & Co.

P.S. The public will please notice, that no other person or company have any of the above for sale. sep.28

BROADWAY HOTEL.

THE *LONG ROOM* attached to the *Broadway Hotel*, No. 691 Broadway, and extending to Houston-street, 50 by 80 feet, is the largest room in the Eighth Ward, and is now to let for Military or Ward Meetings, Debating Societies and Cotillion Parties. Apply at the bar.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THESE teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer: as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food causing putridity and disgusting smell: they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only.*

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metallic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting taste of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumbiles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with facility and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Incorruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

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